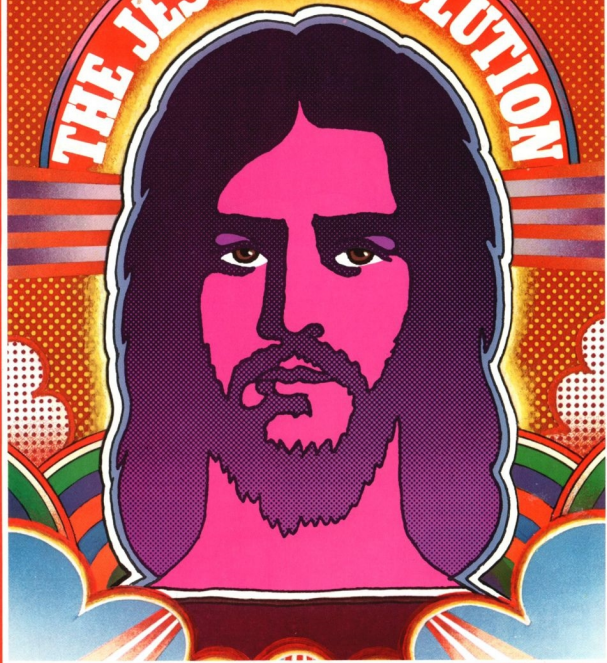


TIME

THE JESUS REVOLUTION



WHOOOSH HHHH

How to make fresh filter cigarettes for less than **20¢ a pack***



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2. Open up the vacuum-packed Laredo tobacco. That "whoosh" sound tells you you're about to make the freshest filter cigarette you ever tasted.



3. First, place one of the ready-made paper tubes on the end of the machine. You'll find the machine easy to use. And, it's so sturdy, it's guaranteed in writing for two years.



4. Drop a filter into the small slot in the machine. This is the same kind of filter used in best-selling factory-made cigarettes.



5. Fill the big slot with the fresh Laredo tobacco. Then get set to turn out a filter cigarette that looks factory-made.



6. Hold the paper tube. Push the lever. Pull the lever back, let go of the tube, push again. The cigarette will fall free of the machine.




7. There is your first filter cigarette made with Laredo. Fast and easy. No factory-made filter cigarette tastes so fresh, costs so little.



8. Light up. Enjoy the freshest tasting filter cigarette ever. Laredo refills to make five more packs, cost less than \$1.* Less than 20¢ a pack!*

*In most areas of the country—based on manufacturer's suggested retail price.

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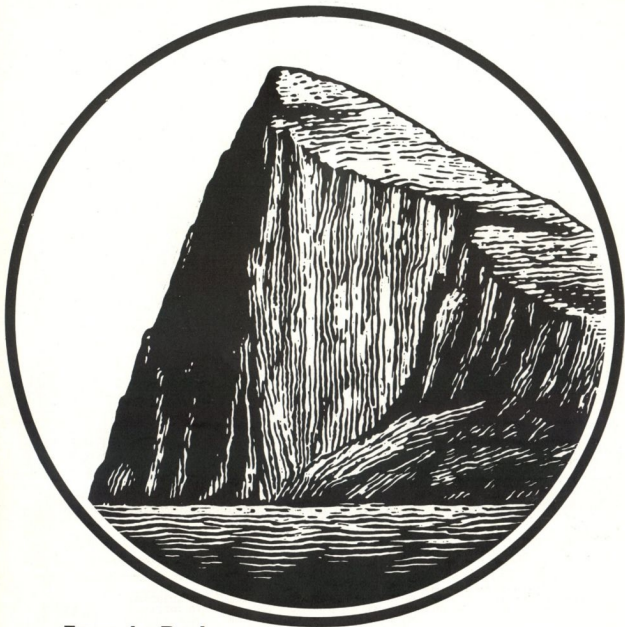
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LETTERS

Getting to Know Carter

Sir: Your article about Jimmy Carter [May 31] makes one feel sick. Your facts may be correct. Your observations are all wrong.

Carter might make a good Governor, but he will not be elected to any more offices, thanks to you. The people really did not know him, but they will think time.

The South is not changing as fast as you write. The thing that worries some people now is not race but that the South could become like the North.

W.M. FREELAND
Plum Branch, S.C.

Sir: Governor Carter epitomizes what has been happening in Georgia in general and Atlanta in particular for the past ten years. With a Jewish mayor and a black vice mayor, Atlanta may be not only the South's most progressive city but perhaps the nation's.

ROBERT P. MORRISON
El Granada, Calif.

Sir: TIME's attempt to label Jimmy Carter the precursor of a fresh wave of liberalism in the South overlooks the fact that in winning the Democratic nomination, Carter defeated Carl Sanders, the most progressive Governor in Georgia history.

Although Governor Carter projects a moderate public posture, he clearly stands in the genre of the traditional Southern politician.

DENNIS SLATTERY
West Covina, Calif.

Sir: If the writer of the article on Georgia had taken into account South Georgia, the picture would not be quite so bright.

Here, the Snopeses are alive and well and as mean as ever.

STAN GODBOLD
Valdosta, Ga.

Sir: Atlanta is not the Southern city of the future, it is the city of the future.

DORIS HAUSER
Boston

Sir: Much of the "new day" that has come and is coming in the South cannot be celebrated by us all. The 25% native population of Atlanta cannot take any pride in the polluted air that increasingly blankets the city's soaring buildings, in the clogged freeways for which there is no visible relief, and in the growing transient population that causes more problems than it cares about solving. Atlanta is too busy to hate, a native can tell you, simply because its white residents are too busy leaving town.

FRED BURGER
Atlanta

Abortion and Nurses

Sir: Nurses do not need "psychiatric first aid" to treat their responses to the reality of abortion [May 31]. Instead they should act upon their beliefs, speak out and stop the continued transformation of our operating rooms into human butcher shops.

Those Americans who feel that laws restricting abortion are an unfair restriction on the rights of women should be com-

pelled to see the small, perfect, sometimes still moving human beings who are daily being thrown away in our hospitals.

JULIE G. DONALEK, R.N.
Philadelphia

Sir: There are many situations in nursing and medicine to be "distracted" about. Abortion is not one of them.

PAULINE HOWLAND, R.N.
Ithaca, N.Y.

Chorus-Line Kick

Sir: Crocodile tears for Walter Cronkite [May 31]. If the networks had their way, the only function of the FCC would be to ensure that the three network giants had no major competition. Does Cronkite believe that Agnew & Co. are responsible for his sinking credibility, when Cronkite has held his office longer than Nixon, Agnew and Johnson put together?

Until the three major networks cease their chorus-line kick approach to the news, a rich vein of public skepticism will be available for Agnew to exploit.

MICHAEL M. DUTCHER
Denver

Sir: Behind Cronkite's professional face, there are opinions after all. Wouldn't it be great to hear some of them on the daily news? Agnew's relentless attacks show a definite trend in the future use of the office of the vice presidency: for backstabbing, slander and big-mouthism that clearly shows vanity and the inability to deal effectively. The press is real; it cannot be dealt with lightly, and it does more to check and balance itself than the Government could.

R.L. KOLAR
San Jose, Calif.

Sir: Agnew rails, Cronkite wails.

It is amusing to observe the reactions of the press to Agnew's attacks on their slanted news and angled cameras. They are like spoiled brats who, when chastised, try to take revenge on those who have taken them to task.

FRANK S. ENNIS
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Censored

Sir: In your story about Egypt's Anwar Sadat [May 17] you show a picture of him near some boulders on the Suez-front. What was the wording on the rocks?

DAN MCKINNON
La Jolla, Calif.

► The inscription, apparently on a piece of metal from a downed aircraft rather than on rocks, translates from Arabic: "1. Phantom downed by [censored] at 1830 hours on June 30, 1970. M.L. 2. The second Phantom was downed at M.L. at 1509 hours on July 5, 1970. Pilot was taken prisoner. [Censored]"

Call for Menzies

Sir: I would like to have seen in your story on Australia [May 24] a little more detail on the racial problem here. If the "new" Australians and the aborigines ever learn to stand up and demand their rights, there will be upheavals.

If there is not so much violence over racial issues here, it is because most Aussies

are too apathetic to speak of these matters, much less act. But just try putting milk in their cups before the tea or spill their grog and they go berserk.

Australia does need another Robert Menzies to make its citizens realize their country's importance in world affairs.

BERNADETTE MAY
Goulburn, Australia

Sir: I am a transplanted Australian who likes the U.S., but I would take exception to your comment that Australia should "think big." In so doing the U.S. smothered its cities, ruined its magnificent waters, defaced much of the land and forgot its poor and its minorities.

(MRS.) CAMILLE T. REED
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Raising the Fences

Sir: The godlike pontifications of John Steele in the Essay on neo-isolationism [May 31] were just too much. If he thinks that "there are hardly any real isolationists left," he does not get around much. Doesn't he know that the 20th century is almost over, and that after 70 years we should have learned a few lessons about trying to be the do-gooding, give-it-to-them, smug messiah for all the world's people?

It's about time we cleaned up the odiferous mess in our own barnyard and put up the broken-down fences.

FRANK L. MARTIN
Bronxville, N.Y.

Helping the Law

Sir: Like other cities, Chicago is plagued with rising crime while public cooperation seems to be declining.

Therefore, I recently called upon our

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Miss/Mrs./Mr.

Name (please print)

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State

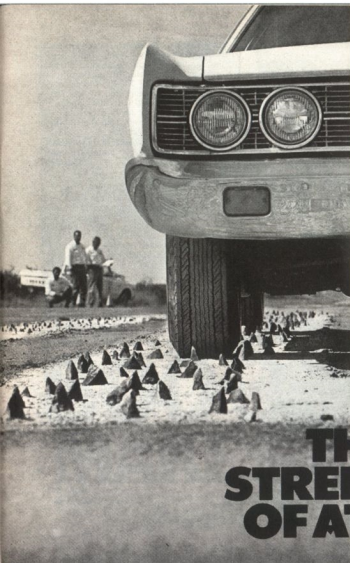
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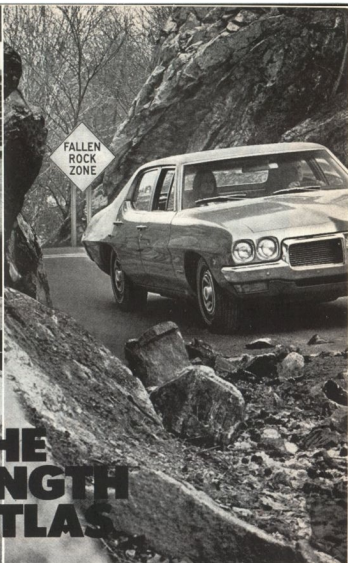
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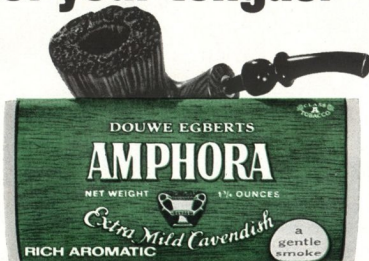
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Coupon is void if taxed, prohibited or otherwise restricted by law.
This offer expires August 1, 1971 One pouch free per family only.

local media to launch a reward-for-information program, which would help in the solution of crime and the conviction of those responsible for it. Fortunately, you reported [May 17] the success of just such a program sponsored by the Detroit News. Thanks partly to that support for our plea, a major local paper, the Chicago Today, has announced that it will institute a similar program.

EDWARD V. HANRAHAN
State's Attorney
Chicago

Learned Janitor

Sir: Your story "Graduates and Jobs" [May 24] was right on, except that you seem to have missed the irony that a graduate often cannot get a lower-skilled job because of his degree! With my M.A. in history it took me six months to find an employer who accepted me for a janitor's position.

ATIS LEJINS
Berkeley, Calif.

Sir: Three-fourths of the seniors are graduating in the humanities. In a society made great by technology, we are now educating one to build and three to tell him what, where and how to build and after he builds what's wrong with it.

WILLIAM A. HECK
Midland, Texas

Sir: Job shortage is one of the real reasons for the problems on campus. Why shouldn't we be disillusioned? We have been coaxed, pleaded with and even threatened throughout our lives to obtain a college education, and now nobody wants us. As a sophomore, I'm wondering whether to quit now and start work as a barmaid or spend \$4,000 more and still be faced with that same job opportunity.

MONITA BURNETT
Fort Collins, Colo.

Constructive Destruction

Sir: Your article "Vulcan's Fiery Forge" [May 31] dwells on the damage and destruction caused by Mount Etna.

In geology a volcano is considered a constructive force acting upon the surface of the earth. It increases this surface and it brings to it minerals from within the earth. These minerals are weathered into the soil and make it porous and rich.

Granted, a volcano is destructive but considering geological time, its ultimate value will be for the good.

DONALD H. WALES
Warwick, N.Y.

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Why Johnny can't hide. And doesn't want to anymore.



See Johnny hide. But not anymore.
Now Johnny works at 3M.

Once he thought all big organizations got that way by encouraging anonymity. Not because anyone ever told him that. But because he once had worked for one. Which will, of course, be nameless.

No one in that first organization actually told him the way to do well was to do as little as possible. Sort of stay out of the way.

But then, they never told him otherwise, either.

So he looked around. Made his own appraisal. And concluded there was a theory in operation.

To wit: Never state an opinion or take a risk and you'll never make a mistake.

Now, Johnny's no dope. He took what he thought was the hint.

He got lost in the crowd. Blended in with the background. And never, never attracted attention.

But 3M doesn't believe in crowds.

We believe in people. One at a time. And we'd like to think Johnny knew that the day he started here.

Our whole atmosphere says it. You don't stand out here unless you stand up. And speak up.

We believe in our people. Really believe. And Johnny must have seen it.

We encourage individual ideas and intelligent risk. The more 3M people innovate and accomplish, the more we reward them and the faster they advance.

We will not even hire relatives of our officers and directors. Here at 3M a better job is earned. Not awarded.

And our long and growing customer list is witness to the way 3M has always come up with products in advance of their time.

Like "Scotchgard" Fabric Protector. And "Di-Noc" Decorative Trim on the most popular station wagons. And "Scotch" Brand Hair-Set Tape.

Every new employee comes with a mind of his own. Could it be the way we treat our people has a lot to do with the way they produce ideas?

Johnny thought so. He looked around and liked what he saw and adopted a whole new approach.

Johnny came out of hiding.

And finally came into his own.

People still count here. 3M
3M Co., 3M Center, St. Paul, Minnesota 55101

If you have a
bottle of Bacardi
in the house,
cheers!

Bacardi & cola

Bacardi screwdriver:
Splash a jigger or two of
Bacardi light over ice. Add
orange juice.

Bacardi sour:
Squeeze half a lemon into
shaker. Add half teaspoon
sugar, generous jigger Bacardi
dark, ice. Shake. Strain into
glass. Top with half an orange
slice and cherry.

Bacardi martini:
Stir 4 or 5 parts Bacardi
light, 1 part dry vermouth, ice.
Add olive or lemon twist.

BACARDI, rum-the mixable one

In your wallet, you'll know it's right.



NEW Pinto 3-door Runabout. The rear seat folds forward to give you a carpeted cargo area that's five feet long. Holds golf clubs. Camp gear. Luggage. This new Pinto packs more fun than any import.

\$1919 Pinto 2-door suggested retail price. Car shown is equipped with white sidewall tires \$29, and accent option \$60. Destination charges, dealer preparation charges (if any), state and local taxes are extra.

Here's the kind of value that'll give you a nice, satisfied feeling. The 2-door Pinto. Or new 3-door Pinto Runabout (left). Both are priced low like the small imports. And they averaged 25mpg in simulated city/suburban driving. But from there on in, Pinto is a lot more little car than the imports.

Pinto is a do-it-yourself car.

There are almost 40 jobs you can easily handle. Things like adding transmission fluid or changing the oil and oil filter. You can even do a simple tune up—adjust the carburetor or replace spark plugs, condenser and distributor points if necessary.

You can pick up a do-it-yourself manual and tool kit when you pick up your Pinto. And get ready to save right away.

Pinto calls for far less scheduled maintenance than VW. One-half as many oil changes. One-sixth as many lubes. The brakes are self-adjusting. So, here again you save.

Overall, Pinto is designed to last longer. It has strong, beefy parts like rustproof steel-alloy brake lines. And five main engine bearings—the leading import has only four.

Where do you go from here? To your Ford Dealer's and a test drive. Five minutes behind the wheel will tell you. Pinto's right.


Better idea for safety. Buckle up.

PINTO



Long Distance rates coast to coast

If you don't

\$1.40 plus tax

This is the rate for a three-minute station-to-station call, 8 a.m. to 11 p.m. Saturday and 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sunday, when you don't dial the call yourself or you need the operator to help you complete it.

If you do

70¢ plus tax

This is the rate for that call if you do dial it yourself without operator assistance. Similar savings on calls to other out-of-state points and at other times when you dial the calls yourself.

Dial it yourself and save

Examples of Long Distance rates for station-to-station coast to coast calls

	Operator-assisted calls	Dial-direct calls	Your discount when you "dial it yourself"
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Evenings 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Sun. through Fri.	\$1.40 first 3 minutes	85¢ first 3 minutes	55¢ first 3 minutes
Nights 11 p.m. to 8 a.m. daily	\$1.40 minimum call (3 minutes)	35¢* first minute (minimum call)	\$1.05 on the minimum call
Weekdays 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Mon. through Fri.	\$1.85 first 3 minutes	\$1.35 first 3 minutes	50¢ first 3 minutes

Rates shown (plus tax) are for the days, hours and durations indicated on station-to-station calls. Rates are even less, of course, on out-of-state calls for shorter distances. Dial-it-yourself rates apply on all out-of-state dialed calls (without operator assistance) from residence and business phones anywhere in the continental U.S. (except Alaska) and on calls placed with an operator where direct dialing facilities are not available. Dial-direct rates do not apply to person-to-person, coin, hotel guest, credit card, and collect calls, and on calls charged to another number.

One-minute-minimum calls available only at the times shown. Additional minutes are 20¢ each.





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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Henry Luce III

FIFTEEN months ago, Richard Ostling, our New York-based religion reporter, was in San Francisco covering a meeting of Catholic bishops. While waiting out the closed-door sessions, Ostling took the opportunity to have a close look at Berkeley's colony of "Jesus Freaks." Our first major article on the movement appeared soon afterward. Continued exposure to the new genre convinced Ostling that there was much more to be said. Hence this week's cover story on the Jesus revolution.

Ostling found the contrast with covering more conventional religion stories profound. "The movement," he says, "is amorphous, evasive, going on everywhere and nowhere." To sample it, he visited young evangelists and their followings in Michigan, Indiana and upstate New York. Ostling brings wide experience to his beat. He has a master's degree in journalism from Northwestern University and another in religion from George Washington University. Before joining TIME in 1969, he was on the staff of Christianity Today for four years.

The material gathered by Ostling and other correspondents went to Mayo Mohs, who has written our religion section for the past 24 years. Mohs had his first personal encounter with hip street evangelists while looking at the movement in Los Angeles. "A fresh-faced teen-ager in a pullover and corduroys came up to me on Hollywood Boulevard and talked about Jesus nonstop," he recalls. "When she finally finished, her friends congratulated her on a 'terrific witness.' It was the easiest interview I ever had." L.A. Correspondent Barry Hillenbrand was covering a religious service at Imperial Beach when he declined the pastor's invitation to declare his own religious beliefs. "He generously let me sit in the back clutching my notebook," says Hillenbrand, "while the congregation called the Holy Spirit down on me to guide my thoughts and my fingers as I wrote."

In Manhattan, Reporter-Researcher Margaret Boeth interviewed "reborn Christians" in Greenwich Village—an assignment that evoked memories of her girlhood in Cleveland, Miss. "I haven't seen this kind of hard-rock fundamentalism," she says, "since I used to sit on a ditch bank and watch the traveling, trembling preacher whip up a crowd." When Boeth interviewed Evangelist Arthur Blessitt in New York, she learned that they were from the same part of Mississippi and that Blessitt had once led a congregation in her home town.



BLESSITT, MOHS, OSTLING & BOETH

The Cover: Design in mixed media by Stanislaw Zagorski.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Unselling the War

A 20-year-old Yale junior named Ira Nerken, inspired by CBS-TV's documentary "The Selling of the Pentagon," decided that if the military could use elaborate advertising and public relations to win support for the war, the same techniques could be used to "unsell" it. Nerken contacted David McCall, president of the New York advertising agency of LaRoche, McCaffrey and McCall, Inc., and a new, remarkably sophisticated form of antiwar protest began.

Art directors, copywriters and others from 35 different ad agencies contributed their talents to the effort, named UNSELL, which was backed by some of the leaders of the trade, including Maxwell Dane of Doyle Dane Bernbach Inc. Last week UNSSELL began displaying its antiwar campaign: 125 posters, 33 TV commercials and 31 radio spots, all of them pitched to political moderates and free of radical vitriol. In one TV ad, a pie is cut at a dinner table, and a black man, an old lady and a hardhat receive small slivers served up by Uncle Sam. A military man in gaudy uniform gets three-quarters of the pie, which he gulps down noisily. If radio and TV stations decline to air the ads as a "public service," then antiwar groups may buy time for them.

It is a peculiarly American operation but in some ways a belated one, since most public opinion polls indicate that a clear majority of Americans have already been unsold on the war. The White House, meantime, is starting an ad campaign of its own. With Administration backing, the New York agency of SSC&B is preparing a worldwide advertising effort to pressure North Viet Nam to allow impartial inspection of its prisoner-of-war camps. It would be one of the final ironies of Viet Nam if its great issues were settled on Madison Avenue.

Fatal Sequence

Nineteen months had passed without a single fatal crash of a scheduled airliner in the U.S., a safety record unprecedented in commercial aviation. But last week, in the inexplicable pattern that seems to govern such disasters, two airliners went down, one on each coast, killing a total of 78 persons. Twenty-eight of them died when an Allegheny Airlines twin jet crashed in a swamp near Connecticut's Tweed-New Haven Airport. Another 50 were killed in the collision of a Hughes

Air West DC-9 and a Navy F-4 Phantom jet over California's San Gabriel Mountains.

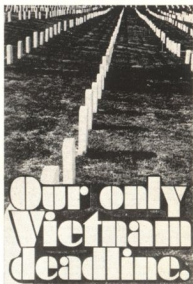
Both crashes raised ominous and specific questions. Two years ago, the Air Line Pilots Association called Tweed-New Haven Airport one of the nation's ten most dangerous, and last week the airport manager said that the crash would not have occurred if the airport had been equipped with an instrument-landing system. In California, some witnesses said that the Phantom, from the El Toro Marine Air Station, had been making barrel rolls—stunt flying—before it collided with the airliner, which was on its correct path from Los Angeles International Airport. It remains for the sole survivor, a Marine radar officer who bailed out, to explain what a military plane was doing making barrel rolls near one of the world's busiest airports.

Operator Calling

The phone rang one evening last week in the Governor's mansion in Richmond, Va. "Hello, Governor," said the caller. "This is Ron Ziegler speaking from Air Force One." Republican Governor Linwood Holton, a longtime friend and supporter of Nixon, had trouble hearing because of the electronic noises in the background. But he recognized Ziegler's voice and the message was clear: the President wanted to see Holton at the White House at 10 a.m. the next day. Holton quickly canceled his other appointments and flew off to see the President.

Holton had a private talk with Nixon and left with a warm presidential handshake. With the White House and Holton refusing to discuss the urgent summons, politicians and reporters back in Richmond speculated that they had talked about the 1972 campaign in the South, even that Nixon might have offered Holton the vice-presidential nomination, replacing Spiro Agnew.

Actually, the President and Holton performed rather smoothly, considering that their meeting was an elaborate hoax. It was not Press Secretary Ziegler who phoned Holton but a mysterious practical joker who sounded like Ziegler and was ingenious enough to fake the electronic background sounds. Nixon may have been startled to see the unhidden Holton, but the two men handled the situation like pros, spending 30 minutes together. They thus denied the joker the satisfaction of causing any embarrassment or even publicity about the incident.



AD AGENCIES' ANTIWAR POSTERS
A peculiarly American operation.

Out in a Rowboat with Mayor Lindsay

NEARLY all of America's big cities share the malady: while the cost of services steadily mounts, the tax base that provides for those services just as surely shrinks. In this year of recession, funds are shorter than ever, leading desperate mayors to seek relief in Washington, in state capitols and in an array of burdensome new taxes that the public can scarcely support. Yet, aggravated as they are, the problems of all other American mayors absolutely pale beside those of John Lindsay, the embattled mayor of New York City.

The mayor of Seattle may confront more unemployment. The mayor of Newark may be closer to city bankruptcy. The mayor of Cleveland may be more bitterly at odds with his own council. Yet Lindsay must face a state legislature that is determined to give his city as little help as possible. Moreover he is up against a Governor, Nelson Rockefeller, who openly berates him, despite their common home in the liberal wing of the Republican Party. In his book *The City*, Lindsay described his annual pilgrimage to the state capital of Albany to get the city budget cleared. "When I prepare for the Albany journey," he wrote, "I think of Henry Hudson, who began his journey as captain of the stately *Half Moon* and ended it in a rowboat somewhere off the coast of Canada."

Contemptuous. When he went to Albany this spring, Lindsay was lucky to have a rowboat. Never had the legislature been more hostile; never had Rockefeller been more openly contemptuous. As if that were not enough, militant municipal unions went on strike last week in protest against budget cuts, thereby tying up traffic, dumping raw sewage into waterways and threatening to turn off New York City's water supply. Under those crisis circumstances, budget negotiations could scarcely be

conducted in the cool, rational manner appropriate for such complex issues. Instead, they were carried on with bad manners, vitriol and vilification.

Consider this sampler of Lindsay-Rockefeller exchanges in recent weeks:

Lindsay: "The state government is acting with a combination of arrogance and contempt."

Rockefeller: "Progress is being seriously hindered by a growing loss of confidence in the city due to inept and extravagant administration."

Lindsay: "We have been raped and we're accused of prostitution. I have never seen any leadership so determined to exact the last pound of flesh from its opponents."

Rockefeller: "He's not responsible for

what he's saying. He's emotionally upset. The poor man has been under a lot of pressure."

Rockefeller's antagonism was reinforced this year by a changed mood in the state legislature. The recession had hardened the resolve of rural and suburban representatives, who were already suspicious of Lindsay's jeremiads predicting destitution and disaster if he did not get the \$9.13 billion budget he was seeking. Nor did they forget that in last year's election many of them had been returned to office with Conservative Party support.

This younger, tougher G.O.P. breed, largely from the suburbs, is more eager for battle than its Republican elders. The new breed's leader, Assembly Speaker Perry Duryea, a silver-haired, sardonic lobster dealer from the semirural tip of Long Island, likes to emphasize the "limitations of our society." He means to impose those limitations on New York City. Before Lindsay came to Albany, Nelson Rockefeller had seen his own "austerity" state budget trimmed from \$8.45 billion to almost \$7.7 billion by the legislature. Knowing a political trend when he sees one, Rocky decided to make the best of it and accepted the cut with a show of good grace.

No Allies. Having thus dealt with its Republican Governor, the legislature was ready for Lindsay, a G.O.P. maverick. Duryea, even more than Rocky, bore a grudge against the mayor for supporting Democrat Arthur Goldberg for Governor in the last election. Lindsay, moreover, had no useful allies. As Rockefeller put it, "He's a man without a party." Lindsay was beaten in the Republican primary for mayor and won the election only because he had significant Democratic support. Yet the Democrats did not want to a man who tends to be abrasive in personal



WILLARD J. MORRIS

LINDSAY DURING STRIKE



NEAL ROSEN—THE NEW YORK TIMES

SEVERED LINKS BETWEEN THE BRONX & MANHATTAN
Emphasizing the limitations of society.

encounters. Says Manhattan Assemblyman Franz Lichter, a Democrat: "Lindsay does not control one legislator, and he influences few others. This must be the first time in the history of the state that a mayor has had so little power in Albany."

That fact was quickly illustrated. Aside from a few perfunctory meetings with Rocky and the legislative leaders, Lindsay was shut out of negotiations on his own budget. While Lindsay fumed, Republicans and Democrats hammered out a budget, in the process shelving a new pension plan that the city had worked out with municipal unions. It is one of the most generous pensions ever offered to U.S. workers. Upon reaching 55, a retired worker could collect half pay after 20 years on the job and full pay after 40 years. Since pensions already devour 11¢ of every dollar paid in state and city taxes in New York, the legislature balked. For the first time, it refused to rubber-stamp a city-approved pension.

That struck a tender nerve in Lind-

say's tense New York. Evoking the specter of the "biggest, sloppiest, meanest strike in the city's history," Victor Gotbaum, executive director of Council 37 of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, called out some 7,300 workers in an effort to persuade the legislature to change its mind. More than 600 Teamsters joined the walkout.

Bridge drivers walked off the job, taking along fuses and levers and leaving open 26 of the city's 29 movable bridges. Car commuters trying to get into the city were backed up for hours on the hottest day of the year. When sewage-treatment workers joined the strike, hundreds of millions of gallons of raw sewage were dumped into New York's waterways, threatening to pollute beaches and shellfish beds. Parks Department employees locked up the tennis courts, and zoo keepers kept the animals inside, though they continued to feed them.

Miscalculations. The strike proved to be so shocking to city sensibilities that it soon collapsed. So did the strik-

ers' pension hopes. Said a sheepish Teamster official: "We made miscalculations up and down the line. We came out looking like schmucks." The worst miscalculation was with the state legislature. Once the strike began, Albany killed the pension plan for the session.

Less than Rocky's. The budget was finally trimmed to the legislators' satisfaction. It left John Lindsay still afloat; his proposed budget had been reduced by only 5%, to \$8.7 billion, a smaller cut proportionately than Rocky's had suffered. Though the tax package Lindsay had sought was reduced from \$790 million to \$525 million, he was permitted to increase the city income tax on both residents and commuters by almost 80% and to levy a host of nuisance taxes.

Not that Lindsay's problems are over or even eased. He will be forced to lay off some city employees despite the threat of more strikes. The police force is expected to lose 1,300 men through attrition or firings; some 8,000 teachers

Should New York City Be the 51st State?

The political connection between the people of the city and the state has been used by the latter to our injury. Our burdens have been increased, our substance eaten out and our municipal liberty destroyed. Why may not New York disrupt the bonds that bind her to a corrupt and venal master?

THAT bitter justification for demanding that New York City seek statehood carries the contemporary flavor of Mayor John Lindsay's continuing crusade for municipal independence. Yet it was offered more than a century ago by a Lindsay predecessor, Mayor Fernando Wood, in 1861. More recent mayors, including Jimmy Walker and Robert Wagner, have sought similar escape from the political shackles imposed by a state that the city dominates in almost every other way. In 1959 the New York City council approved creation of a committee to study secession, and a bill calling for a referendum on the establishing of a city-state was introduced in the New York legislature about the same time. Both efforts died from lack of interest. Mayor-at-Candidate Norman Mailer revived the idea in 1969 when he made the 51st state his key campaign issue.

The idea is still something of a pipedream. But as New York City's problems multiply, its residents increasingly resent the spectacle of their elected officials pleading with small-town legislators for permission to change the shift schedules of city patrolmen, retain rent control or decentralize schools. Albany's death grip over how the city raises and spends its

own money is an even more serious matter. Thus the merits of independence cannot be airily dismissed. Lindsay's appointment of a commission to study statehood is not really as "childish" as Governor Nelson Rockefeller suggests.

• No one is certain how statehood could be achieved. New York City's impetuous Congresswoman Bella Abzug has opened a drive to ask the city's voters in November to approve a resolution petitioning Congress to admit the city to the Union as a state. The New York legislature would also have to give its approval, a most improbable happening since the state would lose roughly half of its annual revenue. On the other hand, Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton contends that the rest of the state would say "good riddance" to the city and its troubles. Sutton suggests that the November referendum should also authorize the election of delegates to a City-State Constitutional Convention. They would submit a constitution at the next city election; if it is approved, statehood bills would then be introduced in the legislature and Congress. But there is no certainty that city residents would buy the concept, much less the constitutional details. Staten Island President Robert T. Connor has already said that his borough would not go along and recalled that borough officials recently studied "how to get the hell out of New York City."

Lindsay suggests that this kind of objection could be met by making each of the five boroughs a city in the new

AERIAL VIEW OF MANHATTAN ISLAND



will have to be trimmed. Most rebellious of all may be the city's taxpayers, who are burdened with higher taxes for fewer services. A family of four earning \$15,000 a year will now pay an additional \$600 a year.

Doubtless, one of Lindsay's worst problems will continue to be Rockefeller. After their parting salvos in Albany, in the ultimate absurdity, each promised to appoint a commission to investigate the other's administration. The number of knockdown fights that this could inspire is practically unlimited. Whether that is any way to run a state and a city is another matter. If New York City were conceded more home rule, Lindsay would not be so dependent on Rockefeller. The mayor could not, on the other hand, use Albany as an excuse when things went wrong. City and state would be spared at least some of the destructiveness of the Lindsay-Rockefeller animosity and, with less buck-passing, both might have to face more responsibility for determining what each can and cannot afford in services.



NEW YORK CITY EMPLOYEES PROTESTING PROPOSED LAYOFFS

state. A Lindsay staff memorandum insists that "statehood is not an unrealistic possibility. Indeed, it may well be the only sensible approach to governing New York City." Statehood supporters contend that the city's residents and corporations last year paid \$2.8 billion in taxes to the state and got back only about 60¢ in local aid for each dollar (they paid almost \$12 billion to the Federal Government, as well, and got back less than 13¢ on the dollar). The staff memo places the city's gain in revenue at about \$1 billion a year, even after the city assumes the state's share of running such services as courts and subways. As a state, it would also presumably qualify for a bigger share of the many federal aid programs. Yet the whole structure of existing fiscal ties between the city and state is so confusingly interwoven that no one knows just how much better off—if at all—the city would be after the arrangement is unraveled.

There is considerable validity to New York City's arguments for greater freedom to handle its own affairs. In an urban age, the nation's destiny and the well-being of most of its citizens depend upon the quality of life and economic health of its large cities. Most academic experts agree that states have not only shortchanged and hamstringed their cities but are themselves the least creative and effective of the three levels of government. But the general weakness of state government and its dwindling usefulness makes the experts also question the utility of solving anything by creating another state. New York City's conversion would be particularly unworkable without incorporating its populous suburbs; but they are thriving precisely because their residents wanted to escape the city's many plagues. No one in Lindsay's office believes that neighboring Westchester and Nassau counties would want to join the new state.

Basic changes in government relationships, however, are sorely needed, not only to aid New York City but to ease the agonies of many large cities. Says Harvard Sociologist Daniel Bell: "The whole system is out of whack now. Almost nothing meshes. Services that should be performed by the Federal Government are now saddled on local governments, and others that could be handled much better at a local level are exclusively Washington's." Rexford Tugwell, the New Deal brain-truster who has headed a six-year production of an imaginary new U.S. Constitution at Santa Barbara's Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, points out that cities are not even mentioned in the Con-

stitution. "The concept of a governmental entity the size of the city of New York or Chicago or Los Angeles did not even exist at the time the Constitution was written." He considers state domination of the large cities "preposterous."

The academics find much more merit in Lindsay's latest—and far more realistic—proposal to create "national cities" that would be free of most ties to their states and would deal directly with Washington on those issues that most affect them, such as welfare, health and trade. Another scholar at the Santa Barbara Center, Political Scientist Harvey Wheeler, claims that Americans have been conditioned to look at government structure only in geographical terms and that this is "a clearly obsolete system." Below the federal level government should be based "on principles of association and common interest." The large cities and their surrounding population concentrations have much more in common with each other than with the intervening rural areas, he argues.

Creating national cities has some distinct political advantages over the city-state concept. It could conceivably be accomplished by getting Congress to issue special charters to the selected cities, much as it has created other units to handle specific problems, including TVA and Amtrak (to run beleaguered railroads). This might bypass the need for reluctant state legislatures to approve the independence of the cities. Moreover, the cities could exert political pressure at the federal level. Even the advocates of New York as the 51st state concede that the new state would have little clout in Congress. Admits New York City Budget Director Edward Hamilton: "Taking the problem-ridden, overburdened metropolitan area and making it a separate entity with interests substantially different from those of its fellow states, we'd find ourselves very naked and alone in congressional debates."

The new consideration of national cities and city-states is a refreshing move to examine the rationale of the nation's long-accepted governmental divisions. One of the most important national problems throughout the next 20 years, predicts Bell, will be to decide the most effective social unit to handle each social problem. "What is best left to the neighborhoods?" he asks. "What to townships? What to municipalities? What to metropolitan areas? What to regions and what to the Federal Government?" The questions are simple, the answers elusive—but an imaginative quest for them is essential to the future of the nation.

Mr. Cox Takes a June Bride

ALL afternoon the skies above the White House Rose Garden were a dull pewter gray. The 400 guests arrived at the East Gate, had their credentials checked so that crashers could be spotted, and walked quickly through intermittent drizzle to shelter under the South Portico. It was not an auspicious beginning. Many guests thought that Tricia Nixon should move her wedding indoors to the East Room.

In a fairly impressive display of her stubborn cool, Tricia decided that her wedding to Edward Finch Cox would go just as she had planned it. Attendants with white towels mopped the rain water from the gazebo just outside the Oval Office and peeled the protective plastic sheeting from the white carpet spread down the aisle between the gilt guest chairs arranged in the Rose Garden. At 4:30 p.m., after a half-hour delay, the rain stopped, and perhaps the loveliest of all the 16 weddings held at the White House began.

WALTER DENNETT



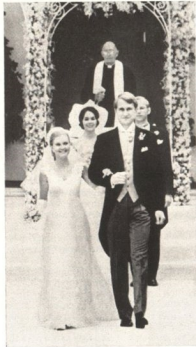
NIXON ESCORTING BRIDE TO CEREMONY

If the Nixon Administration has acquired a reputation for somewhat gray formality, it appeared for this day to have taken on something like opalescence. The President was more relaxed and charming than he had ever seemed. When George Shultz, Director of the Office of Management and Budget, sympathized with the President over the rainy afternoon, Nixon summoned up a mellow, almost Irish line: "No, no. A soft rain caresses the marriage." Pat Nixon, in a bright dress decorated with appliquéd orange, pink and yellow flowers, was vivid and proud.

New Image. On her father's arm, Tricia followed her attendants—including Matron of Honor Julie Nixon Eisenhower and Ed Cox's sister Mary Ann, the maid of honor—down the steps from the Blue Room balcony and into

the garden, where the President gave his daughter away before the small wrought-iron gazebo painted white. Her gown, by Priscilla of Boston, was an elegant white silk organdy. The all-lace bodice was molded to show her tiny waist and scalloped at the wide V neckline. Altogether, the gown was striking and sophisticated, a departure from the little-girl fashions for which Tricia has sometimes been criticized.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Gardiner Latch, a Methodist and long a pastor of the Nixon family, led the couple through a ten-minute ceremony that Tricia had prepared with Ed's approval. "To love," he began, "is to appreciate and cherish our beloved as a unique person, deep, extraordinary, exceptional. It is to visualize him or her as an equal yet complementing individual." As Eddie placed



NEWLYWEDS LEAVING GAZEBO
A soft, caressing rain.

the diamond wedding band on Tricia's finger, she promised to "honor and comfort"—the "obey" was omitted. Eddie kissed his bride gently on the cheek. The rain started again just as the ceremony ended.

No Congressmen. The guests retreated rapidly to the embowered state rooms of the White House for New York and California champagnes and dancing to the music of Bill Harrington and his orchestra. The relatively small assembly consisted of the oldest of the Cox and Nixon family friends, along with the members of the Cabinet and the White House staff. No Congressmen were invited, despite the years that Richard

Nixon served there. Instead, there was the Rev. Billy Graham, Comedian Red Skelton, Mr. and Mrs. Art Linkletter and Eversharp Inc.'s chairman of the board, Patrick Frawley Jr. Mamie Eisenhower presided like a kind of surrogate grandmother. Martha Mitchell came extravagantly dressed in a vaguely antebellum orange and white ruffled, ankle-length gown and carrying a bright yellow parasol. She brought it into the Rose Garden, leading Melvin Laird to grump: "I thought everybody checked their umbrellas inside."

Kiss for Hoover. Three other White House brides attended. Luci Johnson Nugent came with her husband Pat, who confessed that he wept when Eddie and Tricia walked down the aisle (he wept at his own wedding too). Luci at one point startled FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover by planting a resounding kiss on his cheek. Lynda Johnson Robb and her husband Chuck were in deep conversation with Ralph Nader. The sentimentality of the day was relieved by gleefully acerbic Alice Roosevelt Longworth, 87, a White House bride in 1906. Asked by TIME's



CUTTING CAKE IN EAST ROOM

Bonnie Angelo if the wedding brought back memories, she replied: "No, it doesn't bring back one goddamned memory. I was married before the days of Hollywood. This is quite a production."

The President danced with Tricia to *Thank Heaven for Little Girls*. Later he danced with Julie Eisenhower and with Pat, who in a rare moment of public affection kissed him warmly on the cheek. He also danced with Lynda Robb until her husband cut in. When Eddie's father, Howard Cox, drew Mamie Eisenhower onto the floor for a dance, a cheer erupted from the crowd, as it had for the President's first step. Then Mr. and Mrs. Ed Cox, still dressed in their full wedding costumes, left in a limousine from the North Portico for their honeymoon. The band played *Toot, Tootsie, Goodbye*.

THE WAR New Pressures to End It

The knowledge that the U.S. military force in Viet Nam is declining at the rate of 14,300 a month and will be down to 184,000 by Dec. 1—a 66% drop since the alltime high of 543,054 in February 1969—has served to blunt much of the pressure on Richard Nixon for an immediate end to the war. Almost cyclically, however, reflecting U.S. frustration over the long and unpopular war, pressure builds up in Washington for a quicker and more explicit declaration of intention to withdraw from Viet Nam than the President has been ready to make. Now the pressure is on again, and much of it this time has been produced by a pair of antiwar proposals pending in Congress. Part of it also emanated from a controversial new proposal advanced by former Defense Secretary Clark Clifford.

In the Senate, the McGovern-Hatfield amendment to the draft bill—an updated version of a measure that was defeated 55-39 last year—will reach a vote this week; it seeks to force the withdrawal of all U.S. forces from Indochina by Dec. 31 by cutting off all funds for the continued deployment of troops there by that date. The House, meanwhile, is considering the Nedzi-Whalen amendment to the military procurement authorization bill, which would cut off spending for weapons for U.S. forces in Viet Nam after Dec. 31.

Fairly Free Rein. Since massive supplies for Viet Nam are already in the pipeline, the Nedzi-Whalen measure could have little effect on the course of the war. Nonetheless, House Armed Services Committee Chairman Edward Hébert claims that the proposal's psychological effect could be "disastrous," and the Administration has been combatting it with a series of White House breakfasts for Congressmen. Despite massive lobbying by John Gardner's Common Cause, the amendment has little chance of success. It will, however, result in an interesting and useful bench mark: the vote will represent the first tally on the war since the House moved in January to record teller balloting, requiring each Representative to stand up and be counted.

To widen their base of support, the McGovern-Hatfield amendment's backers have added two important provisions: a clause that would give the President a 60-day leeway after the Dec. 31 deadline if arrangements for the release of U.S. war prisoners were not made by that time, and another that protects the President's powers to provide for the safe withdrawal of U.S. troops. The latter, in fact, has been interpreted by some congressional observers as an escape clause that would give the President fairly free rein while ending the war on his own terms. "I think you can safely say that's how we'd interpret it," said one Administration official.

In midweek the source of the antiwar pressure shifted from Congress to Hanoi and Paris. Clark Clifford, who played a major role in reversing Lyndon Johnson's bombing policy, announced that he had reason to believe that if the U.S. would agree to withdraw its troops from Viet Nam by Dec. 31, Hanoi and the National Liberation Front would agree to release all U.S. prisoners within 30 days. The plan, Clifford pointed out, contained a safeguard: if the Communists did not release the approximately 460 U.S. prisoners they are believed to hold, the U.S. would not be obligated to withdraw its troops. His information, said Clifford, came from "contacts in Paris," but not from "formal" representatives of Hanoi or the N.L.F.

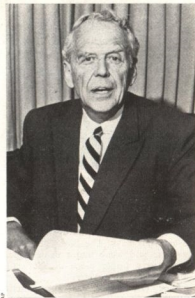
"Ask Them." The Clifford proposal was denounced by the White House as raising "false hopes" about U.S. war prisoners for "domestic political purposes." The North Vietnamese, the Administration said, were seeking to "create an appearance of flexibility when in fact they remain hard in their posture." In response, Clifford challenged the President to instruct U.S. Ambassador David Bruce to present such a proposal to the Communists at the Paris peace talks. "Ask them," Clifford said.

Two other recent developments suggest that Clifford's information may be correct. At a three-hour session two weeks ago, the N.L.F.'s deputy negotiator in Paris, Nguyen Van Tien, told Representative Robert Leggett, a California Democrat, that the Viet Cong were ready to release their U.S. prisoners if the U.S. would agree to a date for withdrawal. Last week Washington Post Correspondent Chalmers Roberts interviewed Xuan Thuy, chief of Hanoi's team in Paris. Thuy told Roberts that the military issues of U.S. withdrawal and the release of prisoners could be settled while the Thieu-Ky regime was still in power in Saigon, but suggested that total withdrawal must also include stopping all U.S. military aid to South Viet Nam.

Reasonable Chance. The problem is that even if Clifford is correct, the formula would not be acceptable to the Nixon Administration at the moment. The President has emphasized the plight of the war prisoners in recent months, but the real issue is the Administration's belief that it must provide the South Vietnamese with a "reasonable chance" to fend off a Communist takeover—at least, in the words of a White House adviser, for a "decent interval." Presidential Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler said that the Clifford plan imposed "a deadline so precipitate that it would not give the South Vietnamese the opportunity to defend themselves and determine their own future." In other words, it is the price of the proposal that separates the President from Clifford, McGovern, Hatfield and the rest, and not the question of whether the Communists are ready to make a deal.



WHALEN & NEDZI



CLIFFORD



McGOVERN & HATFIELD

DETROIT

Heroin Shooting War

To the Detroit police, the deaths are variations on a theme. Some of the victims have been executed, gangland style, shot either in the head or the back. Some have been kidnapped, tortured and beaten to death. Others died suffocated with pillows or with plastic bags over their heads. All had one thing in common: an affiliation with heroin.

The horrors of addiction have hit Detroit, once relatively heroin-free, with a force beyond the usual tragic toll of broken lives and deaths by overdose. Since last August, there has raged an all-out

shooting galleries, of which some 2,000 are thought to exist. Along Mack Avenue there are 25 to 30 in one block. Drugs bought in galleries must be used on the premises so that the seller knows the buyer is not an undercover cop.

All that is needed to go into business is an apartment and an ounce of heroin (average price: \$800), easily purchased at a quarter house. The pusher then sells part and gives the rest away to addicts in return for their bringing in customers. As the number of customers increases, the purity of the heroin is decreased, leading to bigger volume and bigger profits for the dealer. In less than a year, a diligent pusher with a \$100-a-week business can be netting \$10,000 a week. What started the killings in Detroit was a surfeit of aspirants for \$10,000-a-week businesses.

Detroit police are at an impasse. Until November of last year, they did little more than harass heroin dealers. Standard procedure for closing down a dope house then was called a "tip over": acting on tips, the police would raid a house without a warrant, demanding entry in hopes of scaring the pusher into flushing the dope down the toilet or tossing it out the window. Many arrests resulted—9,143 in 1970—but only 1,500 ever reached trial.

In November, newly appointed Police Commissioner John Nichols changed tactics. The 75-man narcotics unit was supplemented by an additional 75 undercover agents, and the police began gathering information that would stand up in court. Statistically, the new approach has been a success. Since November, more than 300 quarter houses and shooting galleries have been closed, and 1,600 arrests have resulted in 1,432 cases brought to trial. Still, as Sergeant Sam Campbell, chief of the Fifth Precinct's narcotics squad, admits: "We haven't begun to control heroin."

THE ADMINISTRATION

A Lawyer's Brief

The Nixon Administration confronts no more nettlesome domestic issue than that of opening the suburbs to minority groups and the poor. Caught between demands from civil rights groups for a strong antidiscrimination policy and sometimes violent resistance from suburbanites, top Administration advisers debated the legal, political and social points at stake for more than eight months. The result last week was an 8,000-word policy statement that spelled out once again the President's conservative philosophy: the Executive Branch should move no further nor faster in the area of civil rights than the courts compel. Thus while Nixon vowed to enforce vigorously legislation and Supreme Court rulings already on the books, he chose to interpret those laws narrowly. He carved out careful distinctions between racial and economic discrimination and shifted the initiative for fair-housing regulation from the Fed-

eral Government to local communities.

In many respects, the housing statement was much like a position paper issued last year on the schools: a lawyer's brief that emphasized what the Executive Branch would not do rather than what it would do to break down segregated housing patterns. On the one hand, Nixon asserted that "we will not seek to impose economic integration upon an existing local jurisdiction. This Administration will not attempt to impose federally assisted housing upon any community." On the other hand, his statement also promised: "Racial discrimination in housing is illegal and will not be tolerated. We will not countenance any use of economic measures as a subterfuge for racial discrimination." But the reality of housing patterns is not as clear cut as Nixon's fine distinctions would indicate; separating economic from racial considerations is often impossible, and the dual policy announced last week is likely to encourage white resistance to open housing.

Synthesis. The two separate aims paper over a protracted debate between Attorney General John Mitchell and Housing and Urban Development Secretary George Romney. Romney urged an activist Administration role, calling for the development of uniform procedures to assure the construction of low-income housing in the suburbs and urging federal intervention in a zoning suit against Black Jack, Mo. (TIME, April 26). Mitchell, on the other hand, argued that the courts did not require such vigorous programs from federal agencies. His summation of HUD's responsibilities: "All HUD is is a lending agency."

The two viewpoints were finally reconciled by offering, in effect, separate definitions for economic and racial discrimination. Economic considerations are not necessarily racially motivated, Nixon and Mitchell insisted, and the Federal Government should not coerce communities into building low-cost housing: "We will encourage communities to seek and accept well-conceived, well-designed, well-managed housing developments—always within the community's capacity to assimilate the families who will live in them." In Black Jack and other communities, however, suburbanites have used much the same language to keep low-income—and mainly black—families out, insisting that existing public service systems could not absorb the new demands for schools and for police and fire protection.

Whatever the suburbs' rationale for exclusiveness, it seems to be working: the percentage of blacks in suburban areas rose only three-tenths of 1% during the last decade, at a time when more than half of the new jobs created were beyond the central-city cores. What is needed for both cities and suburbs is a balanced approach toward jobs and housing that complements rather than undermines the economic health of the entire metropolitan area.



DETROIT POLICE RAIDING QUARTER HOUSE
Two thousand shooting galleries.

war for control of the booming \$350 million drug market. So far this year, it has claimed 40 lives, an average of one every four days. The dead: penny-ante pushers and some major dealers grabbing for a larger piece of the action and killed by their peers.

The city today has an estimated 20,000 addicts, most of them black, many of them concentrated along either Mack Avenue or Twelfth Street on opposite sides of the city. At one time, three loosely knit gangs regulated the distribution of Detroit's limited drug trade. But as the number of black users increased, along with the number of street pushers, organization began to break down. The gangs still control the flow of heroin into the city, but once it is cut, it is every man for himself.

Tip Overs. What has evolved, and is at the root of the drug war, is a system of distribution unique to Detroit. Heroin is peddled not on the street but from countless rundown apartments known in the drug trade as "quarter houses" and "shooting galleries." Quarter houses act as warehouses, where "caps" or bags are sold to owners of

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ARMED FORCES

Nation-Mending at Home

Like the disciplined, daredevil corps of '60s prose and ballad, the Special Forces, or Green Berets, teams slipped quietly into the countryside miles from their base. Soon the Berets, many of them veterans of countless similar operations in Montagnard villages in the mountains of South Viet Nam, were moving among the natives, ministering to the sick, refurbishing schools, teaching preventive hygiene and first aid. In many ways it was a textbook exercise, except that the locale was not Viet Nam but two poverty-stricken counties in rural North Carolina.

This kind of civic action at home has not been an Army practice in the past, even though the Green Berets made their reputation by doing just that—along with more dramatic feats of

how much better to do the same thing in the Army's backyard as part of regular training for their primary role as a topnotch fighting force.

The result was Project Nation-Building, perhaps better called nation-mending, or simply domestic action. By any name, it is a very tentative experiment, essentially a pilot project, but one that so far has gone remarkably well. Since the project's first action teams entered Hoke and Anson counties this January, Special Forces men and various units of the 82nd Airborne Division stationed at Fort Bragg have been quietly engaged there, and more recently in South Carolina and Montana. Their mission may well lead to a new role for the Berets in the Army of the '70s.

Tolson, at the time commanding general at Bragg, picked the initial two counties for their proximity as well as for their poverty. Immediately south of

ell and the clinic's one county-supplied nurse, Black roams the back country roads as a "point man," watching for telltale signs of sickness, lecturing families on how to guard against hookworm, which afflicts some 30% of Hoke's children, and distributing health pamphlets. "I am a rat, I am your enemy, I carry germs that make people sick," begins one. There are others on prenatal care, family planning and hygiene.

When he returns, Black discusses the cases he has seen with Reavell, who then decides whether treatment seems warranted. Reavell is the spark plug of the health center program. His practice runs the gamut of public health care—TB skin tests, immunizations, preschool exams, impetigo, cuts, prenatal care, venereal disease, chest X rays and family planning.

Socialized Medicine? Like their counterparts in Hoke, the two medics in Anson County do not prescribe drugs, but assist the nurses in whatever needs to be done—blood tests, immunizations, urinalyses, paper work. The remaining twelve members of the unit work at a variety of different tasks, clearing out clogged, mosquito-infested ditches, repairing dilapidated public buildings and teaching gym classes in the local schools.

Response to the Green Berets in Hoke and Anson has been more than favorable; to the residents and their hard-pressed medical and school personnel, the military presence has been wholly benevolent. Says Dr. Riley Jordan, one of Hoke's two private physicians: "They are serving a tremendous local need. A lot of people are being seen who wouldn't otherwise be seen."

The success of the projects has also converted some reluctant Berets. One was Lieut. Colonel Bill Robinson, a tough man who was operations officer for the Son Tay prison-camp raid into North Viet Nam. He admits that he was dead set against turning his troops over to community helpers, but has come round to see that "with this civic action thing, we're just using our talents in a different way."

The question now is whether the Army will make the Bragg initiative a nationwide program. At the moment the Department of Defense is fretting over the potential for trouble if it gives the experiment its official blessing. Will the American Medical Association cry "socialized medicine"? Will contractors and laborers complain that the program is taking jobs away from them?

The program has the backing of Army Chief of Staff William Westmoreland; an overall evaluation has been scheduled for this July. Perhaps more significantly, two more Green Beret teams were sent out in the field last month, this time crossing state borders. One twelve-man team is currently in the hamlet of Glenn Springs, S.C., 13 miles southeast of Spartanburg; and a 26-man unit is running a project at Lake Deer on the Tongue River Indian Reservation, home of the Northern Cheyenne, in Montana.



DR. REAVELL (LEFT) & AIDE TREATING NORTH CAROLINA CHILD
Different uses for the same talents.


counterinsurgency—in Viet Nam and other underdeveloped nations round the world. But the Berets' luster has been dimmed by scandal, the war backlash and the withdrawal of the last remaining Special Forces units from Viet Nam last February. From a wartime peak strength of 9,000 men, the Green Beret force has been whittled down to 6,000. Consequently, two pressing concerns within the corps have been how to sanitize its image, and what will be the role of those Special Forces based in the U.S.

Lieut. General John J. Tolson III, now deputy commander of the U.S. Continental Army, last year came up with a notion that may well provide the answer. Why not apply the skills of such specialized units as the Green Berets where they are most needed—at home? If Green Beret civic action teams in Viet Nam could combat sores, human parasites, rats, venereal diseases and other miseries, Tolson reasoned,

Bragg, Hoke County has only two doctors (both in private practice) for 16,436 people—compared with a national ratio of 1 to 650—one dentist and a tuberculosis rate four times higher than the state average. More than half its residents are either black or Lumbee Indian. Anson County, some 60 miles to the west, is only slightly better off medically.

"I Am a Rat." Among the first nation menders into Hoke County were a doctor, Captain George Reavell, and five medics, including Green Beret Master Sergeant Jesse Black, a career soldier with 19 years in the service, including four in Viet Nam. The ground rules were strict: the medics could not act as doctors, even though Special Forces medics are so highly trained that they can perform amputations. All medical equipment was supplied by state, local and private agencies.

While the other medics usually remain in the health center assisting Reav-

A black and white photograph of three men dressed as sailors, wearing white uniforms and hats. They are looking out from a large porthole of a red ship. The man on the left and the man in the middle are holding lit cigarettes. The man on the right is also holding a cigarette. The ship's hull is red with silver rivets.

America's Favorite Cigarette Break

A black and white photograph of a woman walking from left to right. She is wearing a purple long-sleeved top, a black skirt, and black boots. She is carrying a black bag. In the background is the side of a red ship with silver rivets and a large tire.

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THE WORLD

The Bengali Refugees: A Surfeit of Woe

A CYCLONE that killed as many as 500,000 people. A civil war that claimed perhaps 200,000 more. An exodus that already totals 5,000,000 and is still growing. A cholera epidemic that has barely begun, yet has already taken some 5,000 lives. It is an almost biblical catalogue of woe, rivaling if not surpassing the plagues visited upon the Egyptians of Mosaic days. And yet it is virtually certain that the list will grow even longer for the bedeviled people of East Pakistan. Last week, as fresh waves of refugees poured across the Indian border at the rate of 100,000 a day, they brought tales of pogrom against Hindus by the predominantly Moslem Pakistanis. And over the stinking, teeming refugee camps that scar the border areas of five Indian states hovered the growing threat of famine and pestilence.

The first onrush of refugees followed the outburst of civil war in March, when West Pakistan decided to crush East Pakistan's drive for Bangla Desh (an independent Bengali State). Immediately after fighting broke out between the fierce Pathans and Punjabis of the Pakistani army and the Bengali liberation forces, 1,500,000 terrified East Pakistanis—Moslems and Hindus alike—crossed into the Indian states of West Bengal, Tripura, Assam, Meghalaya and Bihar. Now the escapees are mostly Hindu, and they bring tales of torture, rape and massacre. According to the new arrivals, the Pakistani government is blaming the 10 million Hindus of East Pakistan (population 78 million) for being the principal supporters of the now-outlawed Awami League of

Sheik Mujibur Rahman. The Hindus did in fact overwhelmingly support "Mujib," who at last word was under house arrest in Karachi, the principal city of West Pakistan. But so did the Moslems, for the Awami League won 167 of the 169 seats at stake in East Pakistan during last December's elections. But the Hindus, because they are a minority, are an easier target.

Battered to Death. A Hindu building contractor told of how Pakistani troops at a tea estate asked people whom they voted for in the election. "They shot 200 who admitted voting for the Awami League." In a hospital in Agartala, Indian doctors reported that a number of the refugees came in badly burned. The doctors explained that the refugees were shoved into huts by Pak army men, who then set the huts on fire. The hospital has also treated 370 men, women and children for bullet wounds, 27 of whom died.

In the refugee camp at Patrapole on the West Bengal-East Pakistan border, a 16-year-old Bengali girl recalled how she and her parents were in bed "when we heard the tread of feet outside. The door burst open and several soldiers entered. They pointed their bayonets at the three of us and before my eyes killed my mother and father—battering them to death with the butts of their rifles. They flung me on the floor, and three of them raped me." Another teen-age girl in a Tripura camp told how she was raped by 13 West Pakistani soldiers before escaping. Other girls have reportedly been taken from fleeing families to be sold as prostitutes to the soldiers, particularly if their fa-

thers could not pay a ransom for them.

According to an official who has toured the border, Pakistani troops and their anti-Hindu supporters are demanding \$140 a person before letting family members leave East Pakistan. Lacking only \$25 of the ransom for his wife, one man pleaded: "Beat me for the rest." They let his wife go after he was beaten on the temple with a bamboo stick until he lost an eye.

Those who manage to escape could be models for Goya's *Disasters of War*. The lucky ones get into already over-filled tent camps that reek of caustic soda disinfectant and human excrement, and are ankle deep in filthy water from the first monsoons. Most huddle under trees or bushes trying to avoid the heavy rains. Some find cramped quarters on the verandas of now closed schoolhouses. Others near Calcutta have found large open drainpipes to live in. Around them is always the stench of garbage, polluted water, sickness and death.

Token Cremation. The polluted drinking water, the lack of sanitation and the officials' inability to inoculate the millions of refugees have contributed to the spread of cholera, particularly in West Bengal. A bacterial disease common to India and Pakistan, cholera causes severe vomiting and diarrhea, which bring dehydration and death. Those afflicted can usually be saved by replenishing the bodily fluids through intravenous injections or drinking large doses of a solution of salts, baking soda and glucose. But the flood of refugees is just too great to be handled by beleaguered medical teams.

The roads the refugees travel are



EAST PAKISTANIS IN INDIAN REFUGEE CAMP



MOTHER WATCHING HER CHILD DIE OF CHOLERA

Models for Goya's Disasters of War.



REFUGEE & HIS DEAD CHILD
And now the threat of famine.

littered not only with clothes and discarded household goods, but with bodies of cholera victims left by those too frightened of the disease to bury their own dead. Although Hindus practice cremation, many of the bodies are merely singed with two burning sticks and then left for the hovering vultures or wild dogs to pick apart. Even when the corpses are buried, they are often dug up by carrion eaters. Police have their hands full trying to prevent refugees from tossing corpses into the rivers. In the overcrowded hospitals, the sick and dying are jammed together on the floor, and the dead continue to lie among the living for hours before the overworked hospital staffs can cart the bodies off.

At one of West Bengal's overflowing health centers, a 45-year-old rice farmer watched his infant son continue to suckle after his mother had died of cholera. "My wife is dead," the man said numbly. "Three of my children are dead. What else can happen?" With the refugees spreading through the Indian states, carrying the disease with them, the epidemic could rapidly afflict hundreds of thousands of Indians. For this reason, Indian authorities are trying to prevent the East Pakistanis from entering Calcutta, where uncounted millions already live on the streets in squalid conditions that guarantee an annual cholera epidemic there.

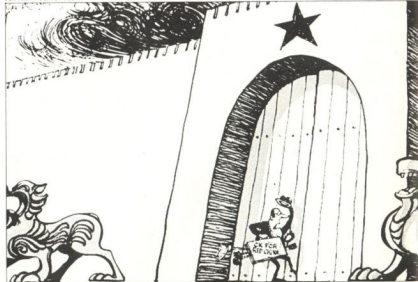
Unbalanced Exchange. While India has temporarily accepted the refugees and is doing its best to help them, the government of Indira Gandhi sees only economic and political disaster in the massive influx of impoverished peoples. The refugee problem has chronically troubled India since the August 1947 partition of the subcontinent into India and Pakistan. In northern India there was a fairly balanced exchange, with 6,000,000 Moslems fleeing to Pakistan

and 6,500,000 Hindus and Sikhs entering India. But since partition, 4,300,000 Hindus from East Pakistan have fled to India, for the most part into West Bengal. There has been no comparable flight of Moslems. This imbalance has created the social, political and economic problems that have plagued the state and turned its capital, Calcutta, into a sink-hole of human misery.

The cost of feeding and attempting to house the refugees is currently \$1,330,000 a day—an expense that Mrs. Gandhi's government can ill afford if it is going to fulfill the campaign promise of *garibi hatao* (eradicate poverty) made last March. The food required by the refugees is rapidly depleting existing food stockpiles, and threatens to create a famine for the Indians themselves. The refugees are also taking work away from the Indians; in West Bengal, refugee peasants are hiring out as agricultural labor for a quarter of the wages local labor is paid.

No Room. Faced with these problems, the Indian government calls the refugees "evacuees" or "escapees" and hopes for their return to their homeland. "Being a poor country ourselves," Mrs. Gandhi told refugees at a camp in eastern India, "we cannot afford to keep you here forever, even if we wished to do so." Their return to their homeland is not likely in the foreseeable future, with the pogrom under way in East Pakistan and the probability of a protracted guerrilla war there. Moreover, because of the war and the exodus, the planting of crops in East Pakistan was at a disastrously low level before the rains began. Famine is almost certain to strike, and when it does, millions more will pack their modest belongings and seek refuge in a country that has no room for them.

CLIPPHANT—DENVER POST



"Good morning, sir, I represent the Handy-Dandy Brush and Mop Co., and I . . . Sir? . . . Sir? . . ."

DIPLOMACY Shopping List for Peking

The document ran for ten pages, single-spaced, and contained nothing but lists of items broken down into 142 categories. Yet when it was released by the White House last week, it spoke eloquently of the extent to which the U.S. is willing to move toward a relaxation of Sino-American relations. The catalogue of items that American businessmen may sell to Peking without Washington's approval—some 1,000 in all—represents an end to the 21-year-old U.S. prohibition against direct trade with Communist-ruled China.

The American shopping list is a follow-up to last April's flurry of Ping Pong diplomacy. At that time, while the Chinese played host to the U.S. table tennis team in Peking, President Nixon announced a series of trade and travel concessions. He also promised to allow U.S. businessmen to sell non-strategic goods to China. For five weeks a special team from the State, Treasury, Commerce, Agriculture and Defense departments worked to compile a master list. For three weeks after that, Under Secretaries from each department, along with National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger, reviewed it item by item. The list was personally approved by President Nixon before it was made public.

Up the Yangtze. American businessmen may now sell to China a wide variety of goods. If the Chinese have the cash—and inclination—they will be able to plow their fields with American farm tractors, use U.S.-made fertilizers, pesticides and insecticides and even import American livestock for breeding purposes. They can equip their offices with U.S.-made desks, typewriters, check

writers, telephones and simple calculators, outfit their factories with American forklift vehicles and a wide assortment of U.S. machinery.

The Chinese will be able to use U.S. medical instruments and American-made road rollers and pavers, drive U.S. passenger cars and motor scooters, or cruise up the Yangtze in boats powered by American outboard motors. Chinese housewives will be able, if their government does not deem it too decadent, to whip up sweet cakes with U.S.-made mixers and enjoy the marvels of American household appliances. Chinese office buildings and department stores will be able to install American elevators, escalators, furnaces and air-conditioning equipment. In a bid for U.S. grain sales to China, Nixon annulled the old "50% clause," which in the past has discouraged U.S. wheat sales to Communist countries by forcing American growers to ship at least half of their goods in high-priced, noncompetitive U.S. ships.

Eager to Develop. Despite its considerable length, the China list is not as inclusive as the one that applies to the Soviet Union. American businessmen are still forbidden to sell to Russia a number of highly advanced items such as third-generation computers and advanced petrochemical plants. But they can sell the Soviets fairly sophisticated



CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF CHINESE PREMIUM

electronic calculating machines and advanced industrial chemicals and tools, like high-speed welding devices. The reason is that the Soviet Union is far more technologically advanced than China, so the U.S. is not selling Moscow any significant research-and-development knowledge that it does not already possess. For their part, the Chinese, who are eager to develop their technological abilities, would most like-

ly only be interested in U.S.-made products if they could buy advanced machinery and other equipment. They can already buy nearly all the manufactured goods on the U.S. list from Japanese suppliers—and probably, at lower prices.

Drawing Distinctions. U.S. planners tried to make the Chinese and Soviet lists as identical as possible. They knew that even the slightest disparity would offend Peking and buttress Chinese suspicion that the U.S. and Russia are partners in a conspiracy to keep China economically and militarily weak. At present, Sino-American trade amounts to only about \$3.5 million in indirect deals mainly for chemicals and diesel engines. Chinese trade officials in Hong Kong have told U.S. businessmen that they do not expect any significant increase in U.S.-China trade until the political problems, notably Taiwan, are solved.

Meanwhile, China's leaders continue to draw a sharp distinction between the "friendly American people" and the "fascist, imperialist Nixon government." Premier Chou En-lai, the architect of Peking's exercise in Ping Pong diplomacy, has told several recent visitors that there has been "no thaw" at the governmental level. Although the new trade list is clearly a step forward, no one expects a quick change in that chilly situation.

Mao's New America Watcher

WHEN the Great Proletarian Revolution burst over Communist China, Peking recalled all but one of its 42 ambassadors. The lone exception was Huang Hua, then Peking's man in Cairo. His dedication to Communism and his diplomatic acumen in directing China's relations with all of Africa and the Middle East had obviously earned the confidence and respect of China's leaders, even in a period when they were not inclined to trust many people.

Thus it was natural that when Peking began dismantling the wall of isolation erected during the Cultural Revolution, Huang Hua (Yellow Flower) was named to head one of China's most sensitive foreign posts, the new embassy in Canada. When Huang, 58, arrives in Ottawa some time in the next few weeks, he will become the Communist government's first ambassador in North America.

Huang's fluent, Oxford-accented English and quick wit have impressed Westerners. One Canadian diplomat describes him as "less stereotyped than most of his colleagues, who usually speak like editorials in a Peking daily." Moreover, he possesses an asset that is rare among Chinese diplomats: experience in dealing with Americans. This especially qualifies him for the "America watching" that is

likely to be among his most important tasks in Canada.

Huang's contact with Americans dates from the mid-1930s, when he studied at U.S.-supported Yenching University in Peking. In 1944, he served as a Communist liaison officer to the U.S. military mission in Yenan. There he charmed



HUANG AT PANMUNJOM PEACE TALKS

Americans with his affability—as well as his ability to win at Monopoly.

Considerably less charmed were the Americans who faced him nine years later across the table at the Korean truce talks in Panmunjom, where Huang led the Chinese delegation. He refused to speak English, would not shake hands with the American delegates and interminably denounced them as "capitalist crooks, rapists, thieves, robbers of widows." At one session, his marathon attacks became so insulting that Arthur Dean, chief American negotiator, gathered up his papers and stalked out of the conference room. One American participant recalls: "Huang Hua was quite stunned. He cried 'Come back!' That was the only time I heard him use English."

In Canada, Huang faces the most difficult challenge of his career. His reading of the American scene and the reports he cables to Peking will strongly influence Chinese policy toward the U.S. at a particularly delicate moment.

Accompanied by a Chinese cook and his wife, a diplomat who has served in the Foreign Ministry, Huang and his staff of 14 will work from the top floor of Ottawa's posh Juliana Apartments. From there, he will have a fine view of the Canadian Parliament, the Ottawa River and the Gatineau Hills. But the view that is likely to interest him most will be the one he gets—from the press, TV and assorted visitors—of the U.S.

Hanoi's Rainy-Season Surge

LIKE some cosmic drum roll, the rumble of thunder accompanied the wild winds and torrential rains that swept across most of Indochina last week, heralding the advent of the southwesterly monsoon. From the air, thousands of acres of paddyland glistened in the infrequent sunshine like a vast mirror. By the time the storms abate in October they will have dumped up to 150 inches of rain on the region, turning the ground into a muddy sponge and swelling the majestic Mekong River to flood stage as it courses through Laos, Cambodia and South Viet Nam.

With roads washed out, bogging down allied and Communist troops alike, and with low ceilings grounding helicopters and jets much of the time, the monsoon has traditionally brought a welcome respite to Indochina's battlefields. On the U.S. side, a slowdown in activity was already evident at the beginning of the month as the withdrawal proceeded; in the week ending June 5, American fatalities fell to 19, the lowest seven-day toll since October 1965. Yet U.S. officials in Saigon are particularly concerned as the monsoon season begins this year. In selected areas, Communist troops are not only maintaining the pressure but, despite the

rains, seem intent on increasing it.

Though the Communists control very little territory in South Viet Nam, during the past year they have dramatically expanded their control over parts of Laos and Cambodia. In fact, the North Vietnamese army (NVA) now controls more real estate on the borders of Viet Nam than ever before. From the Sino-Laotian frontier in the north to the tiny crossroads town of Snuol in the south, Hanoi's troops are masters of an area that measures 840 miles long and 250 miles wide at its broadest point (see map).

Traction for Trucks. This assures the Communists of access to the Mekong and, most important, provides security for the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Although ARVN (Army of the Republic of Viet Nam) troops, with U.S. air support, inflicted considerable damage during the Lam Son 719 thrust into Laos and made parts of the trail unusable, the Communists reacted by simply moving the key supply network westward and widening it in the bargain. Thus, in recent weeks, Communist activity along the trail has been running at twice the normal rate. U.S. aerial reconnaissance has revealed piles of bamboo and mounds of gravel at many points along the route, indicating that the Communists hope to provide traction for supply trucks no matter how muddy the going gets.

To improve security for the trail, the Communists last month pushed the Laotian army completely off the strategic Bolovens Plateau, deep in southern Laos. Possession of the plateau not only gives the NVA control of the heights overlooking the Ho Chi Minh Trail, but also of a landscape so wild that a full division can assemble there without being spotted from the air. Seeking to further improve their supply network, the Communists continue to battle along Route 23.

High-Level Dismay. At the same time, the Communists have renewed their pressure on Cambodia. Three crack NVA regiments last week tangled with elite Cambodian troops for control of the Vihear Suor marshes on the east bank of the Mekong, which are the key to the eastern defenses of Phnom-Penh. In the Cambodian capital, a mere dozen miles away, residents could hear the fighting. While the Communists appear to have no interest in toppling Phnom-Penh, they want control of the marshes to increase their flexibility in responding to potential ARVN attacks.

The North Vietnamese have already gained control of Snuol at the far southern terminus of the Ho Chi Minh Trail. In the course of five days of fighting, they mauled an ARVN task force of 4,000 holding the town, forcing it into a disorderly retreat. Saigon insists that it had long planned to leave Snuol once the rains began, yet there is plenty of evidence that ARVN departed with embarrassing haste. It left behind no fewer than 72 vehicles—including tanks,



SOUTH VIETNAMESE INFANTRY
New threats where the war's

armored personnel carriers and trucks—and eleven artillery pieces. The U.S. Air Force had to bomb the abandoned but still functioning weapons lest they fall into enemy hands.

By official reports the battle cost ARVN about 800 dead, wounded and missing; the Communists claim that the figure is almost twice as high. Saigon reports that with U.S. air support, its troops inflicted 4,500 casualties on the enemy. Yet as a result of the performance in Snuol, there was enough high-level dismay in Saigon that the task force commander, Brigadier General Nguyen Van Hieu, was relieved of his command.

Most threatening, perhaps, is the increasing level of enemy activity in the northern part of South Viet Nam, the one part of the country where the rainy season has just ended. Taking advantage of the partial vacuum created by the departure of the U.S. Marines, the North Vietnamese are creeping back into Quang Tri province, just below the DMZ (Demilitarized Zone). Their repair of long unused road and river infiltration routes directly through the DMZ borders ill for northern I Corps, always a vulnerable area and the scene of the war's bloodiest battles. Already Vietnamese have begun fleeing from the countryside into Danang, fearful that rural security will vanish when the American troops do.

No Panic. Ever since the Nixon Administration announced its Vietnamization and withdrawal program two years ago, the nightmare of U.S. commanders has been that the enemy would wait until American troops are reduced to a level of combat ineffectiveness and then





NEAR A SHAU VALLEY
bloodiest battles were fought.

launch a major offensive against the exposed ARVN forces. The unusual activity of the Communists, together with fresh evidence that they are currently recruiting extra manpower in North Viet Nam, hints at such a plan. They might even decide to come straight down through the DMZ. When? Politically, the ideal time could be somewhere between October, when Saigon holds its presidential election, and April, when the campaigning intensifies for the 1972 U.S. balloting.

Litmus Test. Once launched, however, the offensive is not certain of success. The Communist position has its weaknesses. Hanoi's Laotian and Cambodian holdings are very sparsely populated. In South Viet Nam the Communists hold nothing but such desolate regions as portions of the U Minh Forest and the A Shau Valley. The heavily populated and strategically important Mekong Delta and the eleven provinces around Saigon face no substantial military danger. While ARVN troops have performed disappointingly in some recent battles in Cambodia and Laos, the litmus test of the Vietnamization program is how they will defend themselves inside South Viet Nam.

There the record is more impressive—so much so that a senior State Department official who recently returned from Viet Nam is convinced that the reduction of U.S. forces to a bare minimum would not involve prohibitive risks. He even maintains that Saigon is ready to accept, without panicking, an announcement of a specific withdrawal date for American forces.

SOVIET UNION God Is Upper-Case

This book cannot now be published in our homeland except in Samizdat because of objections by censors that are inconceivable to the normal human mind and also because it would be necessary to write the word God in lower-case. I cannot bow down to such a humiliation.*

So writes Nobel-prizewinning Novelist Alexander Solzhenitsyn in a postscript to his new novel, *August 1914*, which was published last week in Russian by the small YMCA Press in Paris. It is the only one of his books, aside from *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, that Solzhenitsyn has agreed to have published in the West.

Ever since he completed *August 1914* in October 1970, Solzhenitsyn has been trying to have it published in the Soviet Union. Despite the fact that all his major works except *One Day* have been banned in Russia, he felt that there was some hope for the new novel; unlike the other books, it does not center on the crimes of Stalinism, which by implication embarrass Soviet leaders who came to prominence under the old tyrant. Nonetheless, Soviet censors raised many objections. They even insisted, as Solzhenitsyn points out in the postscript, that the word God be printed in lower-case but that KGB (the secret police) be printed in capitals.

When Solzhenitsyn learned that a copy of the novel had made its way to the West, he got in touch with his Zurich lawyer, Fritz Heeb. He wanted to avoid what had happened to his other books: Western publishers scrambled to

* Literally, self-publishing—the clandestine re-typing and circulation of forbidden literary documents.

print competing editions, often in execrable translations. To establish copyright in Solzhenitsyn's name in France, Heeb quietly authorized the small YMCA Press (so named because it was founded by a member of the association, Dr. John Mott, in 1921) to publish *August 1914* in Russian.

Veiled Criticism. The novel is the first part of a trilogy on a subject that has haunted Solzhenitsyn all his life: Russia's role in the war against Germany in 1914. The work is intended as a memorial to his father, an artillery officer in the Czarist army who participated in the disastrous battle of Tannenberg in East Prussia in August 1914. As an artillery captain in World War II, Solzhenitsyn passed through Tannenberg, but he was not around to savor the eventual Russian victory. In February 1945, Solzhenitsyn was arrested for writing barely veiled criticism of Stalin in letters to a friend, and sentenced to eight years' imprisonment. During that time, he developed and overcame cancer. Solzhenitsyn's greatest fear is that he will be prevented from finishing the trilogy—either by a recurrence of cancer or by the Soviet authorities.

Even as Solzhenitsyn's latest book appeared in the West, another Russian writer, imprisoned for publishing articles and stories abroad (*On Socialist Realism, The Trial Begins*), was released from a Soviet labor camp. In late 1966, Andrei Sinyavsky, now 46, was sentenced to seven years at hard labor for "anti-Soviet slander," while Fellow Writer Yuli Daniel was given five years on the same charge. Daniel was released last year after serving his full sentence, but Sinyavsky was set free 20 months early for good behavior. Even so, he was banned for two more years from returning to Moscow.



SINYAVSKY (1966)



SOLZHENITSYN (1970)

Fears of not being able to finish.

Middle East: Israel's Other War

SINCE the Middle East cease-fire went into force last August, Israel has enjoyed a rare interregnum of peace. Thus it came as a shock to Israelis when Premier Golda Meir recently warned them to brace for quite another kind of war, "an internal war that would be rooted in social problems and would be more frightening than any war on the borders." Israel's Premier was alerting her 3,000,000 citizens to domestic crises that have been deliberately set aside during the 23 years since independence, while Israel concentrated on securing its borders. Now, with the cease-fire ten months old and holding, the first skirmishes are being fought in the internal war that Golda prophesied.

Much of the difficulty grows out of the fact that Israel is not really one Jewish nation but an uncertain amalgam of Ashkenazic (European) and Sephardic (Oriental) Jews. The Sephardim (literally "Spaniards," though most are from North Africa or Asia) represent almost 65% of the Jewish population. The generally better-educated Ashkenazim ("Germans," in Old Hebrew), many of them descendants of the Polish and Russian Jews who founded Israel, rule the country. The Sephardim feel discriminated against because of their cultural shortcomings. Only 3% of all top government officials and 20% of the Knesset, or Parliament, are Sephardim. In the 18-man Cabinet, only Iraqi-born Police Minister Shlomo Hillel is from an Arab-speaking country. Fully 60% of Sephardic children drop out of high school; at the college level, 95% of the student population are Ashkenazim.

Such statistics invite a protest movement, and it fell to a long-haired, slim,

tense youth named Saadya Marciano, 20, to organize it. Born in Marseille while his wandering father was in transit from Morocco to Israel, Saadya is one of nine children and a product of a Jerusalem slum called Musrara. He entered the army at 18, spent nearly half his seven months of service in jail, and was finally discharged as unfit. Since then, unable to get a job because of his service record, he has spent his time idling with other Arab-speaking Sephardic youths in Musrara, and he has been picked up by police on suspicion of various crimes.

"One night," Saadya told TIME Correspondent Marlin Levin last week, "we were sitting around in the room of my friend Charley Biton when we decided to form an organization. I suggested the name Black Panthers. We asked the police for a permit to demonstrate against lousy housing conditions. The police helped us a lot: they locked us up when we said we were going to demonstrate without a permit."

The demonstration was held anyway earlier this spring and, though police soon broke it up, Israelis were jolted by the sight of Jew fighting Jew. Since the first protest, the Panthers ("Madison Avenue couldn't have picked a better name," says Jerusalem Mayor Teddy Kollek) claim that they have signed up 9,000 members.

Three Fronts. The Panthers have helped spark a long-overdue debate in Israel on the problems that bloom with peace. It was Police Minister Hillel, the Iraqi Jew who made good, who defined the danger most clearly. In Tel Aviv recently, he told a Labor Party rally: "Israel is faced with a struggle on three equally important fronts—security, economic and social. It cannot afford to lose any one of them."

On the social and economic fronts, the problems are serious:

► The economy, geared to war, is deceptively bullish. The rate of annual growth is 7%, but Israel's foreign debt now totals \$2.6 billion, including a \$1.2 billion trade deficit for this year alone. Defense spending gobbles up 60% of the budget and makes Israeli wage earners the world's most heavily taxed. A 45-year-old banker who earns \$15,000 a year ends up with \$4,500 after paying income, municipal, property and service taxes and handing back money for compulsory government loans. Nor does the remainder stretch very far. He pays 75¢ a gallon to gas his English Ford car (which sells for \$7,000 in Israel v. \$2,880 in Britain), and his black-and-white television costs \$600 (plus an annual tax of \$25).

► A shocking 20% of the population lives on or below the poverty line. According to Israeli guidelines, a family is poor if the monthly income for eight falls below \$145. Moreover, 80,000 families live in substandard housing.



SAADYA MARCIANO
An uncertain amalgam.

► Crime is soaring to levels that up-right Israel has never known. In greater Tel Aviv (pop. 800,000), robberies are up 125% since last year, murders have doubled, purse snatches have become common and 400 prostitutes are on the street.

► Employment is at record levels, but even with more than 40,000 Arabs from the occupied territories in the work force there are not enough hands to go around. Says Transport and Communications Minister Shimon Peres, the government's leading technocrat: "One-fourth of our men are busy on defense. That leaves a labor force of only 750,000. How can you run a modern society on so small a number of hands? Construction is lagging, educational services are not satisfactory, and industry cannot make a real breakthrough. We need one million more workers now."

Immigrant Priority. Because the government wants to get as many new workers as possible, immigration is second in priority only to defense. The population target is 5,000,000 by 1981, nearly double today's total. To lure immigrants, the government has earmarked for them most of the 66,000 housing units being constructed this year, and will continue to give preference to new arrivals in coming years. "If we don't build for immigrants," says Social Welfare Minister Michael Hazani, "they won't come."

Oriental Jews are scarcely enthusiastic about such favoritism toward Ashkenazic immigrants while longtime Israeli residents continue to live in slums. Last week, to point up the disparity, Saadya Marciano led other Black Panthers and Hebrew University students in resettling a Sephardic family of eleven in a new three-room apartment that is twice as large as the family's previous slum quarters. THIS IS THE OTHER ISRAEL, said a sign tacked up on the apartment's



ISRAELIS IN PANTHER DEMONSTRATION
A growing gap.

What subject can change young marrieds into old marrieds overnight?

Money.

Smile! It's a new day! All you really need is a little money management. Enter Master Charge...

Ouch! The end of the month

Let's start when it hurts...when the bills come flying in. Bills resulting from too many charge cards...too many charge accounts. You don't know who spent what, where.

Now wouldn't things be easier if you used Master Charge for all your purchases? You'd get one bill for everything. A complete record of monthly spending. Just one check to write...one envelope...one stamp. It can be done...because Master Charge is good in more places in the U.S.A. than any other card.

You don't pay for a Master Charge card

There is no membership fee...no annual dues. And with Master Charge you can have extended payments for your purchases, if that suits your budget best. If not, there's no charge at all.

Handling the budget killer

"Budget Killer." That's an emergency. They do happen. But it's nice to know you can buy that emergency item with Master Charge...and pay for it later. Or, if a sale comes up take advantage of substantial savings, and use your Master Charge card.

Let Master Charge take the confusion out of handling money...and put the youth back into your young married life. Over night!

Now that you're
making it,
MANAGE IT!



Make Father's day.



Give him the
legendary Canadian:
Seagram's Crown Royal,
the finest Canadian
whisky in the world.
With a taste like no other
Canadian in the world.
Made from the rarest whiskies
Canada has to offer.
So elegant, we put it in a
purple sack and a purple box.
So elegant, people used to
travel all the way to
Canada to get it.
So elegant, it's the kind of
present that can make
Father's day.

Seagram's
Crown Royal

Seagram's Crown Royal.
Blended Canadian whisky.
80 Proof. About \$10 a fifth.
Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y., N.Y.

wall for the benefit of the TV cameras.

In a sense, the government has been caught philosophically off guard by its current troubles. The old Zionists, who have always controlled Israel and have been determined to reshape the land, have concentrated from the first on agricultural kibbutzim. Today barely 3% of the people live on kibbutzim, and only 14.5% live on other rural farms; 82.5% of Israelis are citydwellers. At a recent Histadrut meeting, Yitzhak Ben-Aharon, 63, secretary-general of the powerful 1,100,000-member union, raised the issue within the very councils of the Establishment. "All that old Zionist propaganda about pioneering is true but it is irrelevant now," he said. "It has no validity for the social situations of the '70s."

The government response so far has been tortoise-like. After the first Sephardic demonstrations, alarmed municipalities did scurry to find funds for slum clearance and urban renewal. But on the national government level, Mrs. Meir met with Panther leaders and took an instant dislike to them. "Perhaps they were good boys once," she commented after the meeting, "and I hope they will be good in the future. But they are certainly not good boys now."

In a Knesset debate last month, Housing Minister Ze'ev Shafar blamed the poor—meaning the Sephardim—for part of the problem—meaning that they spent money they could not afford on bar mitzvahs, weddings and TV sets, instead of hoarding their savings for housing.

The degree to which the government shifts policy on housing priorities may indicate how quickly and how well it intends to face such other problems of peace as crime and poverty. It may also indicate how open the entrenched government is to changing forces. "There has not been enough long-range planning in Israel, not enough attention paid by the government to the gap that had been growing between rich and poor, not enough pressure put on the government," says Hebrew University Professor Sol Kugelmass. "Now the Panthers are putting on the pressure." And the government, despite its preoccupation with defense, will have to respond soon to these opening shots in the other war.

A Former Friend

When Israel captured the Golan Heights from Syria in the 1967 war, no one was more outspokenly friendly toward the occupiers than Sheikh Kamal Kanj. A leader of the Druse, an esoteric sect that broke away from Islam in the 11th century, and a former member of the Syrian Parliament, Kanj had Israel's Deputy Premier Yigal Allon as an overnight guest in his home in the village of Majdal Shams. Defense Minister Moshe Dayan once dined with Kanj in the village. Kanj was so intent on maintaining good relations with Israel that when younger members of the community held a memorial march for Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser last au-

turn, the sheik publicly chastised them.

But a few months ago, Kanj's attitude visibly changed. He began making visits and long phone calls to Arabs on the West Bank. In a eulogy for a village elder, he said: "We Druse are an inseparable part of the Arab nation."

One day last month, a detachment of Israeli soldiers and police surrounded Kanj's spacious villa and took him into custody. Also arrested was a sergeant-major in the Syrian army, reportedly a frequent visitor to the house. Last week Israeli officials revealed that Kanj and four others, all Druse, will be tried next month on charges of collecting military information for Syria.

Less than a year ago, Kanj, 55, was tried in *absentia* by a Syrian court for collaboration with Israel and sentenced to 18 months in prison. He is said to have told his interrogators that the Damascus government had recently begun putting pressure on members of his family still living in Syria. His brother is the military commander of the Damascus area, a top post in the Syrian army.

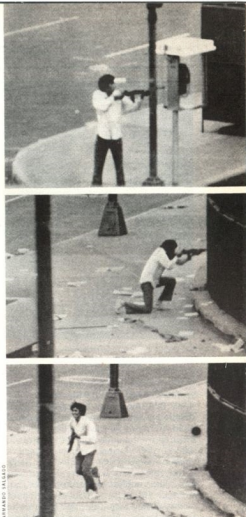
The sheik's arrest shocked Israel's 35,000-member Druse community. "It would be better to die than for the village to see this disgrace!" said an elder. Israeli reaction, by contrast, was markedly mild. Both Shmuel Toledano, adviser to Prime Minister Golda Meir on Arab affairs, and Opposition Leader Menahem Begin last week cautioned Israelis not to judge Kamal Kanj before he is tried.

MEXICO

The Fearsome Falcons

Amid a riot of banners, 10,000 students took time out from examinations last week and began marching toward Mexico City's giant Monument of the Revolution. They were protesting, among other things, the continued imprisonment of 40 students arrested during the October 1968 antigovernment demonstrations in the capital, during which more than 50 people died. The protesters had managed to proceed less than half a mile, however, when a skirmish line of police blocked their advance and fired off volleys of tear gas. Suddenly, as if on signal, waves of men carrying bamboo poles and clubs swooped out of gray-painted buses waiting on a nearby street, shouting "Halcones! Halcones! —Falcons! Falcons!" It was the first real show of force by the Falcons, an organization of antistudent, antifascist goons, mostly in their 20s. Their bloodcurdling war cry is likely to echo throughout Mexico for some time to come.

Military Fashion. The Falcons began beating demonstrators. Moments later a second wave appeared, armed with pistols, M-2 carbines and submachine guns and firing at random. All told, perhaps 1,000 Falcons joined the fray, clubbing newsmen and firing up at high buildings where they suspected cameramen might be taking pictures. "They executed their movements in military fashion," said one witness. "They were well trained in the



FALCON AIMING, FIRING & FLEEING

Within minutes, nine died.

Japanese art of fighting with bamboo staves and equipped with a radio communications system."

The students fled in every direction. Homeowners opened their doors to rescue them. Construction workers tossed down rocks and pieces of wood for the students to defend themselves with. Within minutes, nine students were dead from gunfire, and more than 200 other people were injured.

Then the Falcons invaded the Ruben Leñero Hospital near by, where many of the wounded had been taken. They took captive all those who could walk and carried them off to Falcon headquarters, where it is feared more may have been murdered. Through it all, the police made no move to intervene. Who are the Falcons? Spokesmen for President Luis Echeverría Alvarez put the blame on a right-wing student group known as "Muro." But many Mexicans suspect that the city government is involved. Mayor Alfonso Martínez Domínguez, a former head of the ruling *Partido Revolucionario Institucional*, denounced the students and denied that the city has the Falcons on the payroll. At week's end, the students issued a statement calling for the mayor's removal.

PEOPLE



ROMY SCHNEIDER
A public confession.

When 343 French women taunted lawmakers last April with mass admissions that they had undergone illegal abortions, officials intentionally ignored it. In Germany it was a different story. Inspired by the audacity of their French sisters, 374 German women signed a "public confession"—printed in *Stern*—that they had had illegal abortions too. The public prosecutor was not amused. He began an investigation of Actress Romy Schneider and others who had confessed. That action should have no immediate effect on Romy; she lives part time in Paris, already has one son, stars in movies and on the stage. But if she returns to Germany and is convicted, she faces a maximum jail term of five years. Romy refused to comment on the charges: "I'm on vacation. Besides, I want a second child."

Rabble-Rouser Abbie Hoffman had to borrow \$25,000 and publish it himself. Newspapers refuse to advertise it and most bookstores won't stock it—possibly because storekeepers fear people might take too literally the title of Hoffman's latest opus, *Steal This Book*. Frustrated at every turn, the Yippie leader last week set up shop on the sidewalk outside one of Manhattan's bookshops and began hawking the book, which offers practical instruction in gypping telephone companies, mixing Molotov cocktails and sowing pot seed. Sure enough, more people stole than bought. After disposing of 50 copies of the \$1.95 volume, Hoffman reported his day's gross—\$9—and asked, "Do you think the book has a chance to make the Best-Stolen List?"

Adolf Hitler's mistress was a pudgy, middle-class blonde who gloomed more than she glittered. Yet her name will go down in history alongside such fa-

mous and glamorous kept women as Lola Montez, Madame de Pompadour, Nell Gwyn and the Du Barry. How did she manage to catch *der Führer's* eye and remain with him until their joint suicide in the Berlin Reich chancellery? Photographs from Eva Braun's personal album, published in the London *Sunday Times* magazine last week, give few new clues to her mysterious charms. The collection shows Eva riding a motorcycle, mugging in Bavarian costume, petting dogs and stiffly modeling a slinky gown. In the same issue, the *Times* says that Eva, who was bored stiff by Hitler's political harangues, tried to make herself look more attractive by stuffing handkerchiefs in her bra. She called *der Führer* "the old gentleman," and it was not



ADOLF & EVA
A red velvet sofa.

until three years after they met that they finally bedded down on the same red velvet sofa that Hitler used to receive Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain and Dictator Benito Mussolini. Said Eva once: "It's a good job they don't know what really took place on that sofa."

Basketball Behemoth Wilt Chamberlain stands 7 ft. 1 in. tall, weighs 275 lbs. Even so, he complains, "I've had to adapt to normal sizes all my life." Not any more. To contain his outsize physique, Chamberlain is building a \$1,000,000 house in the Hollywood hills. Soon he will be able to enter a 14-ft. doorway, toast in front of a 45-ft. fireplace, plunge into a 14-ft.-deep pool and loll on an 8-ft. by 9-ft. bed in a 1,000-sq.-ft. boudoir under a 14-ft. ceiling.

Though most furniture will be for normal-size people, one Brobdingnagian fireside chair will be reserved exclusively for the host. Explains Wilt: "I don't want some friend to come over, sit down in a chair and just disappear."

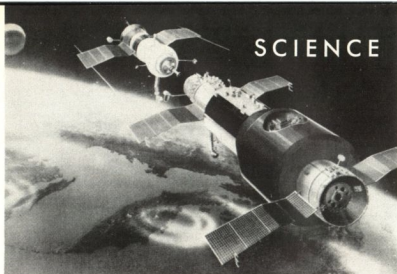
"Elation, that's what I feel," said Helen Hayes, 70, as she made the last stage appearance of her career in Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night*. Her enthusiasm was reflected in a letter written to her son, Actor James MacArthur, before her final scene at Washington's Catholic University theater. "Just think," she wrote, "I no longer need worry how I feel physically, whether my voice is right, whether my costume is secure, whether I'm going to trip or make a false move. I have worried about these things, feared these things for as long as I can remember, since I was a child of five. Now I'm free of them, or about to be." In fact, Helen's performing career is not quite finished; she plans to work in TV and movies, which "will serve as a decompression chamber. I'm not about to retire from living."

When Samson's hair was clipped he lost his strength. The same thing may well have happened to Allen Ginsberg.

Last week the once furry-faced arch-beatnik appeared before a flock of followers in Berkeley without a beard—and without his old vigor. Denying that he had ever said he would not shave until the Viet Nam War was over, Ginsberg insisted that "it has nothing to do with anything conceptual." Speaking sedately, as befits an elder statesman, even of the counterculture, Poet Ginsberg announced that he was making some recordings: William Blake in an album of mantra chants. "I don't suppose anyone will make any money on it," Ginsberg said resignedly. "It's of no great importance to anyone."



ALLEN GINSBERG
A clipped beard.



DRAWING OF SOYUZ 11 (TOP) DOCKING WITH ORBITING SPACE STATION

A Russian Success

"Hey," asked Cosmonaut Vladislav Volkov, 35, "do you see what he's doing?" Before mission control could answer, Volkov's commander, Lieut. Colonel Georgy Dobrovolsky, 43, appeared on Moscow TV screens. He was playfully floating on his back in the zero gravity of space and pumping his legs as if he were pedaling a bicycle. Then, while all Russia watched, Volkov accidentally released a picture of Lenin, letting the father of the Soviet state drift aimlessly around the spacecraft.

Orbital Acrobatics. If the behavior of the three cosmonauts aboard the Soviet Union's huge Salyut spacecraft last week seemed exuberant, there was good reason. In the past few weeks the Soviet space program has enjoyed a remarkable string of successes. Even while the cosmonauts performed their orbital acrobatics, the rugged little unmanned Russian moon rover, Lunokhod, came back to life and resumed its patrols for the eighth consecutive two-week-long lunar day. Farther out in space, two Russian spacecraft were racing their smaller American counterpart, Mariner 9, to the planet Mars. But the attention of the world was focused on the orbiting cosmonauts and their achievement: the manning of the first experimental laboratory in orbit around the earth.

Ever since they were beaten by the U.S. in the race to land men on the moon, the Russians have been proclaiming the importance of orbiting space stations—as platforms to survey the earth, to scan the heavens and eventually to launch manned excursions to the planets. In April the Soviets lofted Salyut, an impressive, 17½-ton unmanned collection of scientific instruments (telescopes, spectrometers and other sensing equipment). But the odd, tubular-shaped laboratory, with its stubby, winklelike solar panels, settled into such a low initial orbit that its lifetime was reckoned at only a few weeks. Ground controllers eventually raised the orbit a bit, thereby ex-

tending Salyut's life. But the first attempt to dock a manned Soyuz with the ship ran into trouble, and the cosmonauts returned abruptly to earth.

Very Bright Flash. Last week in a second attempt to man the station, the Russians launched Soyuz 11. Equipped with improved docking mechanism, the 7½-ton spaceship rendezvoused with Salyut after 24 hours. With Test Engineer Viktor Patsayer, 38, leading the way, the cosmonauts feigned surprise upon entering Salyut's large, living-room-size interior, complete with instrument panels, separate compartments, kitchen and housekeeping equipment and even a small library. "This place is tremendous," said Dobrovolsky. "There seems to be no end to it."

Besides their televised games and bantering, the cosmonauts performed more serious tasks: a number of unspecified biomedical experiments, tests of Salyut's systems and photography of the earth with an externally mounted TV camera. They also fired the space station's main engine, an operation accompanied by what Dobrovolsky described as "a very bright flash with a large number of white particles, like a snow blizzard." After two firings, they managed to raise Salyut's orbit to 161 by 175 miles. That increased elevation should give the space station at least another month's life—enough time for other Soyuz spacecraft to dock with it.

Though Salyut is only a third of the size of the proposed U.S. Skylab space station, scheduled to be launched in 1973, NASA officials were clearly impressed by the Soviet achievement. The feat stirred less comment in budget-conscious Washington. With the Apollo program coming quickly to an end—the third from last U.S. moon shot will lift off in July—Congress and the Administration seem unwilling to engage the Soviet Union in any new space races. Anticipating bigger and better Soviet space stations, U.S. space officials point out that it now seems more likely than ever that the next decade in space will go to the Russians by default.

And Now, White Holes!

In the 1930s, the theoretical physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer and one of his graduate students at the University of California, Hartland Snyder, proposed what seemed like a wildly improbable idea. When the nuclear fires of extremely massive stars die out, they suggested, the stars collapse so completely under the pull of their own gravity that they literally crush themselves out of existence, leaving only a "black hole" in space as evidence of their passing. Now, just as scientists are beginning to study the first tentative signs that there really may be such black holes (TIME, April 5), they are also being asked to consider another fantastic notion: the existence of "white holes."

In *Nature*, Astrophysicist Robert M. Hjellming of the National Radio Astronomy Observatory at Green Bank, W. Va., argues the possibility of holes that are the complete antithesis of black holes. Such opposites are common enough—for example, the negatively charged electron and its antimatter version, the positively charged positron. But Hjellming's white holes are more than simply mirror images of black holes. They are sources of matter that could literally come from out of this world.

Popping Matter. Hjellming's hypothesis may be the answer to a question that has bothered scientists ever since the existence of black holes was proposed: If matter really vanishes inside black holes, as if they were bottomless pits, where has the matter gone? British Theorist Roger Penrose suggested some time ago that the missing matter may pop out elsewhere in the universe—or even in an entirely different universe.

Picking up where Penrose left off, Hjellming says that the point at which the matter re-emerges in the other universe would be a white hole. Even more intriguing, this passage of matter would not be a one-way street. Matter would also leave the other universe through black holes, says Hjellming, and appear in ours through white holes. Thus the flow of matter between the two universes would be kept in balance.

Hjellming admits that such strange funnels between universes sound about as real as the rabbit hole through which Alice tumbled into Wonderland. But, he adds, some evidence may already be at hand that white holes do exist. One of the great puzzles of contemporary astrophysics is the huge amount of energy—cosmic rays, X rays, infrared radiation—that is apparently coming from distant quasars and from the centers of galaxies, including the earth's own Milky Way; the output seems to be greater than can be accounted for by known physical processes, including the conversion of matter into energy by thermonuclear explosions. If it could be shown that matter and energy were coming from another universe, Hjellming says, that problem would be neatly solved.

THE PRESS

An Extra Nickel's Worth

The New York *Times* has no reputation for sudden innovation, so it came as something of a surprise when, last September, the paper introduced an "Op-Ed" page, journalist's jargon for an opinion page opposite the editorials. The addition was a notable change for the *Times*. Since then, it has not only become one of the most closely watched and sought-after forums for comment in U.S. daily journalism but probably the best Op-Ed page anywhere.

The Op-Ed format was first popularized by Editor Herbert Bayard Swope on the *Pulitzer's* old New York *World* in the early 1920s. It is now used by many U.S. papers, which usually fill it with syndicated columns. At the *Times*, that particular page had for decades been the repository of the obituaries. To begin the new feature, the death notices were banished to the second section, making room for a dizzying diversity of views and opinions that perhaps only the *Times*, with its great prestige, could bring together. Regular Columnists James Reston, C.L. Sulzberger, Russell Baker and Tom Wicker share the space with outside contributors, who differ widely in political philosophy (from New Leftist Herbert Marcuse to Right Wing Libertarian Murray Rothbard) and in personality (from Burma's ascetic rebel U Nu to baseball's syntax-smashing Casey Stengel).

Stick to Necking. Controversy has been a prime objective of Op-Ed since its inception, and the page now draws nearly as many letters to the *Times* as the paper's editorials. Although some of the political contributions have been a bit pedantic, other offerings have produced delight, drama and deliberate outrage. The most inflammatory essay to date was an open letter to his college-bound son by a Southern physician, Dr. Paul Williamson. Stick to studying and necking and avoid revolution, wrote the father, or "expect to get shot. Mother and I will grieve, but we will gladly buy a dinner for the National Guardsmen who shot you." More than 300 letters poured in to the *Times*, most of them attacking the doctor. Not far behind in reader response was a polemic by Roman Catholic Militant L. Brent Bozell, who provoked an outburst by arguing that birth control and abortion reduced sex to mutual masturbation.

By a judicious juxtaposition of contributions, Op-Ed has been able to create a contrapuntal dialogue of ideas. West German Chancellor Willy Brandt defended his treaty with the Soviet Union as a necessary forerunner of general East-West détente; Arthur Goldberg subsequently scolded Brandt's U.S. critics, notably George Ball, for endangering the *Ostpolitik* effort, and got scolded in turn by Ball for trying to foreclose discussion of Brandt's policies. The *Times*

became the first major paper to pinpoint an ideological split within the ranks of American conservatives when Op-Ed allowed Economist Rothbard, a onetime contributor to William Buckley's *National Review*, to criticize Buckley for abandoning the individualistic concept that the best government is the least government. In a subsequent solicited rebuttal, Buckley retorted that Rothbard failed to make a moral distinction between Nikita Khrushchev and Dwight Eisenhower.

Articles by less famous polemicists have also had considerable impact. From exile in Algiers, Black Panther Richard Moore wrote a piece accusing Panther Huey P. Newton of substituting slogans for action, castigating the *Times*



SALISBURY & OAKES

Delight, drama, deliberate outrage.

as "the organ of the ruling class" and condemning the "Fascist Farce of a Trial Presided over by the evil likes of [Judge] John Murtagh," from whose court Moore had fled. As the *Times* clearly intended, its Op-Ed has provided an occasional beam of fresh light on familiar topics. Edward C. Banfield, a professor of government at Harvard, described "the lower class" as not necessarily poor, but necessarily black, but clearly distinguishable from the working class because of its "inability (or, at any rate, failure) to take account of the future and to control impulses." Shortly after Charles Reich provided Op-Ed with a capsule summary of his forthcoming *The Greening of America*, Philosopher Marcuse complained in print, somewhat surprisingly, that Reich's euphoric dream treatise "transfigures social and political radicalism into moral rearmament."

Inevitably, Op-Ed's quest for origi-

inality sometimes falls flat. Getting Britain's Racist M.P. Enoch Powell, whose political knowledge of Viet Nam is at best limited, to write about U.S. foreign policy did not make much sense journalistically. On other occasions, the *Times* seems to encourage those who disagree with its editorial policy to put their worst foot forward. Superhawks propounding a pro-military Viet Nam policy on the page, for instance, tend either to be poor writers or to propose badly organized arguments.

More Palatable. Op-Ed is the brainchild of Editorial Page Editor John Oakes, who for eight years before it began had been arguing in memos to the *Times's* publishers that the paper needed a wider range of opinions than its columnists provided. Publisher Arthur O. ("Punch") Sulzberger took the occasion of a price hike from 10¢ to 15¢ last fall to introduce Op-Ed, thereby giving readers a small bonus for their nickel. While Oakes has overall command, operating responsibility for the page rests with Harrison Salisbury. Last July, Salisbury started soliciting contributions for the page, offering a modest \$150 fee. He leaned on big names at the start to attract attention, but consistently stressed "the interest and importance of an idea" regardless of an author's fame.


Roughly one of every four published essays is unsolicited; about 25 volunteer contributions arrive on Salisbury's desk every day. The initially heavy—perhaps too heavy—emphasis on politics has expanded into a broader and more palatable mix. Recent Op-Ed pages have included such bemusingly bizarre articles as an ecological dialogue (in free verse) between Technologist R. Buckminster Fuller and Senator Edmund Muskie and a tense, dramatized first-person account by a white churchman of a late-night subway ride through Harlem.

Status Cachet. In trying to overcome the problem of the *Times's* gray, visually intimidating makeup, Salisbury has recently brightened Op-Ed's appearance by the use of more pictures and cartoons. In Washington, particularly, an appearance on the Op-Ed page has become a status cachet. Salisbury admits that "it's become a prestige thing for bureaucrats. We have to fight them off." White House Staffers Robert Finch, Herbert Klein and William Safire have practiced what some readers regard as blatant pro-Nixon puffery in their Op-Ed contributions, but Salisbury insists that he has returned the worst such examples for rewrites and made "ruthless revisions" in others to purge them of their most obvious public relations touches. Contributions from both extremes of the political spectrum remain the most turgid in style, but overall, says Salisbury, "the quality of the writing has improved. We're much more severe now in what we accept. Interest has been aroused." With only slight exaggeration, he adds: "We have no problem tapping anyone in the world."

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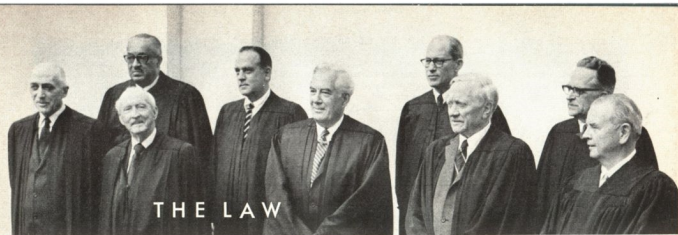
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THE LAW

WALTER BENNETT

THE BURGER COURT: (FRONT ROW) HARLAN, BLACK, BURGER, DOUGLAS, BRENNAN; (BACK ROW) MARSHALL, STEWART, WHITE, BLACKMUN

The Supreme Court: End of an Era

HOWEVER hard he tries, a President can rarely mold the Supreme Court to his ideological image. Richard Nixon may be an exception. With the appointment of only two Justices, he has already helped to blunt the judicial revolution that began in 1954, when Earl Warren wrote the court's unanimous decision outlawing school segregation. That historic ruling was followed by scores of others involving race relations, voting, and capital punishment—many of them containing unprecedented guarantees of individual rights in America. Now, as the new Burger Court nears the end of its second term, it seems obvious that the Warren years of legal daring are over.

The Warren Court's major instrument for change was the 14th Amendment. Ratified after the Civil War, that amendment was primarily designed to safeguard individuals, especially blacks, against state infringement of two rights: due process and equal protection of the laws. At first, U.S. courts interpreted those rights cautiously, fearing to upset the delicate balance between the state and federal governments.

The Warren Court showed no such reservations. Ultimately, it "incorporated" most Bill of Rights safeguards in the 14th Amendment and thereby imposed them on the states. To the Warren Court, due process required the same fundamental fairness in state as in federal courts, and in case after case it found that state procedures did not measure up. As for equal protection, the court vindicated the rights not only

of blacks but also of larger disadvantaged classes, from the poor to underrepresented city voters.

The Burger Court has served notice that it will not retreat from the Warren Court's sweeping school desegregation manifestoes, at least so far as Southern *de jure* segregation is concerned. Last term it ordered Southern public schools to desegregate "at once." This term it told lower-court judges to use all means necessary, including busing, to dismantle the South's dual school systems. In perhaps its most far-reaching decision on race, the Burger Court ruled unanimously this spring that businesses cannot use educational requirements to screen out minority job seekers arbitrarily.

Still, the new court is far more restrained than its activist predecessor. Where the Warren Court often upset state laws that ran contrary to its broadly conceived egalitarianism, the present court avoids such confrontations whenever possible. It has often been unresponsive, for instance, to suits on behalf of welfare recipients. As a result, it has down-played the 14th Amendment and even trimmed some of its forerunner's key rulings. The new approach:

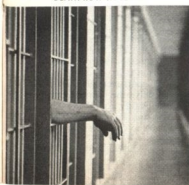
► By demanding only that state laws have some rational purpose, the Burger Court has stunted the Warren Court's expansive development of the equal-protection clause. Thus it upheld a California law that requires low-rent housing to be approved by a community referendum before it can be built. No other housing is subjected to such a require-

ment, and blacks especially will be hurt by the ruling. But the court chose to extoll the virtues of democratic referendums and found that California's "seemingly neutral" law had no discriminatory intent. Last week the court further ruled that states are not required to carve up election districts having several legislators, though a state's refusal to convert to single-member districts usually leaves black voters greatly outnumbered and without representatives of their own.

► By dismissing strong language in some Warren Court rulings as mere dicta (discussions not crucial to a decision), the new court has snipped away at due-process precedents. So far, the chief casualty has been the Warren Court's famous decision in *Miranda v. Arizona* (1966), which held that police cannot question a suspect in custody until they inform him of his constitutional rights to silence and counsel. At issue this term in *Harris v. New York* was whether statements made by an unwarned suspect could be used to impeach his testimony at trial. By a vote of 5 to 4, the new court said yes (provided there is no evidence of police coercion). It thereby brushed aside language in *Miranda* that appeared to bar unconsented statements for any purpose. That language, said Chief Justice Burger for the majority, "was not at all necessary to the court's holding and cannot be regarded as controlling."

► By narrowly defining the reach of some Warren Court principles, the new majority may have rendered them virtually inoperative. At the height of Southern civil rights activism in 1965, for example, the Warren Court fashioned the so-called *Dombrowski* rule, which great-

DEATH ROW IN TEXAS



DAVID WAT

WELFARE DEMONSTRATION IN WASHINGTON



BUS TO INTEGRATED SCHOOL IN VIRGINIA



FRANCOIS WILCOX—UPI

ly increased the power of three-judge federal courts to halt allegedly unfair state prosecutions. This term the Burger Court rolled *Dombrowski* back, barring federal interference except in cases of a prosecutor's blatant bad faith or harassment, or when a state law is "flagrantly and patently violative of express constitutional prohibitions in every clause, sentence and paragraph."

Since the Burger Court includes seven holdovers from the Warren Court,

how has the turnabout taken place? The obvious answer is that the old court was so sharply divided (5-to-4 votes were common) that a minor change has produced a major shift. With the appointments of Chief Justice Warren Burger and Justice Harry Blackmun, both the vote and the psychological advantage have shifted to the side of restraint. Explains one close court observer: "The substitution of X for Y in the makeup of the court changes the per-

sonality of the entire group. Somebody who was affirmative because he was sure he represented the majority becomes defensive when he realizes that he's now in the minority." As a result, says another observer, Stanford Law Professor Anthony Amsterdam, "the liberals have tucked in their horns; they just don't vote their liberal inclinations unless it's damn important."

Who leads the new court? Ceremonially, the leader is Chief Justice Burger, who presides at conferences and assigns written opinions when he is in the majority. In fact, Burger has not yet assumed the court's intellectual leadership. His satisfactions instead appear to spring from his off-bench role as ardent advocate of court modernization and prison reform. On the court, Burger can consistently count on only one other Justice to vote his way. He is Burger's old friend and philosophical ally, Harry Blackmun, who has disagreed with the Chief Justice on only one major decision this term, the California housing case in which Blackmun joined the dissenters.

Centrist Coalition. The key to the new court's direction lies with the four centrist Justices—Stewart, White, John Harlan, Brennan—whose shifting alliances frequently tip the balance on close constitutional questions. Potter Stewart, 56, epitomizes the centrist position. Pin-striped and polished, he writes careful opinions that cannot be easily categorized.

At 53, Byron White is the youngest Justice. He is tough on crime, strong on civil rights, and flexible on just about everything else. John Harlan, though 72 and handicapped by failing eyesight, delivers the court's most scholarly opinions. Always restrained in outlook, Harlan has become more influential with his colleagues in their closed-door deliberations. Though his approach has not changed, the court's rightward shift occasionally makes him look quite innovative. It was Harlan who wrote this term's decision requiring states to absorb court costs for indigents seeking divorces. The new chemistry of the court has also worked its wonders on gentle William Brennan, 65. Usually a stalwart of the Warren Court's activist wing, he has seemed to be inching rightward to join the present center. Still, it is Brennan who has issued some of this term's most bitter and most personal dissents.

Deceptive Pace. Despite its new restraint, the Supreme Court is even more vigorous in its disposition of cases than it was in the Warren years. This term it is substantially ahead of the Warren pace two years ago. But that fact is deceptive: the Warren Court showed an immense appetite for controversial cases; the present court does not. Says University of Chicago Law Professor Harry Kalven Jr.: "This court is in favor of doing anything to avoid a controversial case. So they're taking only the controversial cases they can't possibly not take."

As if heeding the late Justice Felix Frankfurter's pleas to shun the "political

Fortas Pays His Respects

WHEN he resigned from the Supreme Court in 1969 to avoid conflicts of interest, Abe Fortas withdrew from public life to spend long hours listening to classical music and to write a book on civil liberties. Last year he quietly resumed the practice of law, specializing in corporate and regulatory matters. In contrast to the Old World elegance of his pre-court days at Arnold & Porter (where the firm's partners vetoed his return), Fortas' new Georgetown office sports Danish modern furniture. The man belies the décor: at 60 he seems sadder, his eyes tired and his polished wit dulled. But the shock of his departure from the court has not diminished his deep respect for law. In the first on-the-record interview he has granted since his resignation, Fortas offered *TIME's* Dean Fischer and James Simon these observations:

► On free speech and personal liberty: "It's not worth much of a damn to have First Amendment rights if you're subjected to arbitrary arrest. People don't realize that the basic rules of criminal procedure are laid down to protect the entire population; instead, they regard these rules as a threat to themselves. It's reflected in the turmoil in this country, and it was dramatically illustrated by the recent demonstrations in Washington. The police must operate within certain rules."

► On wiretapping: "I have a fear that the marvelous quality of American life—free, rambunctious, ebullient, sometimes irresponsible—may be disappearing. In Joe McCarthy's day, there was a quiet veto on meaningful conversation. Today we are concerned with not just the suppression of protest, but fear—the fear that we might be bugged or under surveillance. No amount of reassurance that these things are not being misused will counteract that fear."

► On the Warren Court: "Its greatest virtue was that it was a strict constructionist court. Particularly on due process and equal protection, the Warren Court went to the wording and meaning of the Constitution."

► On Earl Warren: "Few Chief Jus-

tices have been leaders. John Marshall, Earl Warren, Charles Evans Hughes—I give that order deliberately. Warren gave an animating spirit to the court. Under him, the court had quality and regard for basic constitutional values."

► On the Burger Court: "It is likely to hew to the Warren Court line

STEVE HANSEN



with respect to racial matters, but to retreat from Warren Court principles in criminal procedure and personal liberty. This is not just a product of shifting personnel. For the most part, the great decisions of the Supreme Court are based on two building blocks: the development of the law and the public conception of the law. In the area of race, those two building blocks were there. But in criminal jurisprudence, it's quite possible that the series of building blocks was not quite complete. There is an element of fragility in the decisions because they were not based on a completed foundation."

► On criticizing the present court: "Some decisions trouble me, but I think it's gay irresponsibility for someone who has gone off the court to criticize decisions. I speak from different data. When you're on the court, you try to avoid irresponsibility. The same should be true when you're off the court."



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The working girl deserves life's pleasures. Even if she has to pay for them. Her perfect Datsun has special style to match her own. And a fold-down back seat to carry groceries and garden apartment plants. It's inexpensive to buy and operate, fun to drive. And she loves it like a pussycat.



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- After all matches have been marked, complete your entry blank with your name, address and zip code number. Mail your completed entry to: PERFECT DATSUN SWEEPSTAKES, P.O. Box 937, Blair, Nebraska 68009.
- The sweepstakes winner will be selected in random drawings from all correct entries by D. L. Blair Corp., an independent judging organization.
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| _____ | No. 4 (Datsun 510 4-Door). |
| _____ | No. 5 (Datsun 510 Wagon). |
| _____ | No. 6 (Datsun Pickup). |
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A man and a woman are in a lush green field with a small stream. The woman is kneeling on the grass, looking down at something in her hands. The man is standing nearby, looking at a small object in his hands. The field is filled with tall grass and white daisies. The stream flows through the foreground, with rocks visible in the water.

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thicket," the court rejected a petition by the State of Massachusetts that challenged the constitutionality of U.S. participation in the Viet Nam War. More surprisingly, the court has also recoiled from environmental issues. Last December, for example, it refused to hear a group of Texas conservationists who sought to halt the federal funding of an expressway through a San Antonio park. In dissent, Justice Hugo Black extolled parks ("quiet retreat for birds and animals . . . where lovers can while away a sunny Sunday") and blasted superhighways ("ugly, smelly stream of traffic . . . trees, shrubs and flowers mown down"). But only two of his fellows joined in pleading that the court hear the case.

Redressed Balance. Clearly, the new court's message is distinct from the old: it will not meddle with the other branches of government, state or federal, if it can possibly avoid doing so. The approach rouses strong reactions in the ac-



EARL WARREN

The Need for Reasons

THE Nixonian rubric laid upon the Burger Court is "Strict construction of the Constitution." If history is any guide, critics will soon accuse the court of ignoring this mandate in favor of personal opinions or even partisan politics. And the shrewdest critics will be the nation's ablest court watchers—the legal scholars who often find the court guilty of faulty legal reasoning.

Scholars have lambasted court rulings that go back as far as the seminal *Marbury v. Madison* decision (1803), which asserted the court's power to overturn congressional legislation. They gasp at the *Dred Scott* case (1857), which denied that a Negro could be a U.S. citizen. They are still apoplectic over *Korematsu v. U.S.* (1944), complaining of its shabby justification for internment 70,000 Japanese-American citizens. Just as they winced throughout the Warren years, they are beginning to look askance at the Burger era. Says University of Chicago Law Professor Philip Kurland: "We have no evidence yet that the new court will afford principled opinions justifying its conclusions. Evidence to date suggests rather that it will emulate the Warren Court in this regard."

What if it does? Who besides a few law professors and commentators really cares about "principled" decisions? Isn't a decision itself far more important than any arcane reasoning that might justify it—especially if the public applauds?

In fact, sound reasoning is crucial to the nation's stability, because it buttresses the Supreme Court's authority as the final umpire that rules on claims to power—whether by states against federal agencies, or by government against individuals. Sound reasoning validates the court's role as interpreter of the Constitution, mediator of national experience, symbol of values that transcend politics.

One of the Supreme Court's great tasks is moderation, the accommodation of rival interests and especially so in a nation undergoing explosive social change. Unless decisions are explained with sufficient care, lower courts may be unclear about the broad principles they are supposed to apply in particular cases. When the Supreme Court scants reason in favor of mere results, says Stanford's Gerald Gunther, a decision may be "valid only as long as you have a majority of five votes. As the reasons get weaker, a later judge is freer to follow his own likes and dislikes. A decision is then easier to overturn."

According to Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, "the Constitution is what the judges say it is." But saying what it is in a highly disciplined way—making exact distinctions, refining a principle to fit diverse cases—that is the high art judges are chosen to practice. Deluged with 3,500 cases a year, expected to write more than 100 often highly complex decisions, Supreme Court Justices may understandably disappoint their critics. Indeed, many critics (joined by Chief Justice Burger) endlessly urge the court to cut its workload, accept only truly vital cases and take more time for reflection.

Haste breeds arbitrary decisions that are no more than edicts, or "absolute" principles that soon collide with other principles, fail to resolve conflicting interests, or collapse in the face of experience. By contrast, great judging requires intense effort, a consuming passion for the public interest, a scorn for personal whims. No fealty to that effort was ever more impressive or poignant than that shown by Justice Felix Frankfurter, dissenting from a court ruling that Jehovah's Witnesses could not be forced to salute the flag in public

academic community. Says Stanford's Amsterdam: "As long as there is a court at the top that is protective enough of constitutional rights, the lower courts will strike a balance against the overwhelming conservative bias of legislators, cops and prosecutors. Take away the liberal threat at the top and the entire system goes rotten."

In fact, what the court has begun to do—and not for the first time in its history—is redress the power balance among branches of government, which many critics felt the aggressive Warren Court knocked askew. Except in the criminal area, most of the individual rights won under the Warren Court will stand. But if there are to be further innovations, many aggrieved Americans and new interest groups will have to look in another direction, most often to their elected representatives. The question remains whether those representatives are prepared to respond.

schools. "One who belongs to the most vilified and persecuted minority in history," wrote Frankfurter, "is not likely to be insensible to the freedom guaranteed by our Constitution. But as a member of this court, I am not justified in writing my private notions of policy into the Constitution, no matter how deeply I may cherish them or how mischievous I may deem their disregard."

Whether or not Frankfurter was right about the extent of the Constitution's requirements, few questioned his devotion to the idea that principles surpass preferences. For that reason, he had the respect of many who disagreed with him, and that respect surely enhanced the court's authority as well as his own. To be sure, Justices do make value choices. But in such cases, Columbia's Herbert Wechsler has said, they "are bound to function otherwise than as a naked power organ. This calls for facing how [those choices] can be asserted to have any legal quality." In short, why should anyone listen to the Justices? "The answer, I suggest, inheres primarily in that they are—or are obliged to be—entirely principled. A principled decision is one that rests on reasons with respect to all the issues in the case, reasons that in their generality and their neutrality transcend any immediate result that is involved."

Wechsler's call for neutral principles, sounded in 1959, has been amplified by Yale's Alexander Bickel in his book *The Supreme Court and the Idea of Progress*. "The heart of the matter," Bickel said recently, "is that you can't persuade people that you operate differently from the politicians, who after all can be voted out of office, unless you pursue some other process than they pursue. And that other process has to be one of applying reasons rather than playing group politics." If that

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is not the case, "the point is that over time, a longish period of time, the profession and those who observe the court closely, are persuaded that this bunch of people isn't using its head, that they are motivated much more politically. That opinion by the experts will eventually pervade other strata of opinion—and then the court's authority will be badly undermined."

Such a fate ultimately plagued the Warren Court. Examples abound. The Warren Court's application of most Bill of Rights safeguards to all criminal defendants now seems as self-wounding to the nation's highest tribunal as it then seemed vital to American justice. By overlooking the real fears of a crime-ridden society, the court made itself a political target, which in turn encouraged police evasion of its rules, the very official lawlessness that it had aimed to curb in the first place.

To be sure, the Warren Court had only faced up to the cases that came before it, many of them rooted in long neglect of individual rights by state courts and legislatures. Still, better-reasoned decisions could have mollified the court's legal critics and perhaps to some extent the public. The lesson is clear: judicial craftsmanship outranks judicial crusading.

The far cooler Burger Court seems unlikely to stir the nation, more likely to let the law jell for a time, as its predecessor had begun to do. It seems to lean toward a different Supreme Court role: providing calm at a time of dislocation and national self-questioning. Yet the Burger Court may also risk a kind of partisanship, a tendency to resist social change, favor police power and not hear the claims of minority groups, to whom the Supreme Court had recently become the most responsive branch of Government. None of this necessarily means that the Burger Court is unrealistic. It has surely read the election returns. Whether that will help it foster genuine respect for law is not yet clear.

Law rests on the proposition that men can use their power of reason to improve the structure of their lives. The Justices, armored with life tenure, are in the unique position, says Columbia Law Professor Tom Farer, of being able "to seek out and identify those values and assumptions which are most fundamental in the American culture." A sense of continuity is ever more precious in a world assaulted by change. That fact makes it more essential than ever that the principles embraced by the court be imbued with as much intelligence and wisdom as possible. Every successive failure by the court to think a problem through to a durable solution will be less and less acceptable. That the present Justices are struggling to meet the need is doubtless true. It is also fair to say that they are doing less well than they might.

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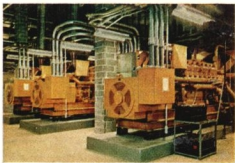
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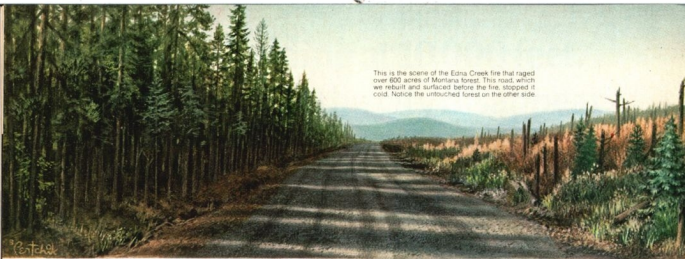
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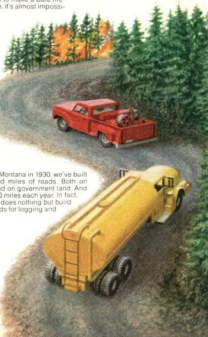
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ART

Displaced Values

The past six months have seen some of the highest prices ever paid for works of art. From this ebullience one might deduce a healthy art market. In fact, the market is utterly schizophrenic. Living artists and their dealers are the casualties; dead artists and auction houses have been the beneficiaries.

The recession in America has been hardest on those serious painters whose work has not yet entered the \$20,000-minimum empyrean where the De Koonings, Motherwells and Stellas reside. In bad times, there is almost no free money to buy anything but sure bets. And, since the collecting of art has largely surrendered to the principles of investment

resent a crass transformation of aesthetic experience into commodity. They stem from two iron rules of the market: 1) that as money devalues, it seeks to embody itself in commodities that seem more stable than bank notes or stock; 2) that a painting or sculpture has no "real" value at all. It is worth what some collector can be induced to pay for it, not a cent more or less.

Tourist Object. This might seem harmless enough. But inflated prices feed a numbness back onto art itself. The Impressionist and old master market has been big news for so long now that nobody can look at a Monet without seeing in front of that exquisite paint a wall of dollar signs. The hedge against inflation inevitably becomes a hedge against perception. Its price has made the painting different, of an order other than art. Museums, which should resist this syndrome, tend to exploit it. Thus the Metropolitan got untold mileage out of the fact that it paid \$5,544,000 for its new Velázquez, which therefore became more "interesting" than other and greater paintings in its collection. The picture becomes a tourist object to be gawked at rather than an experience to be enjoyed in all its complexity.

The worst irony is that the paintings on which big investment money has fastened recently—the Impressionists—are precisely the ones most betrayed by conversion into a means of exchange available only to a small elite. The vision of Impressionism was at root democratic—not in the political sense, but in the way of shared, accessible experience: sunlight on dappled green water, young men and women drinking wine under a striped awning, the rosy bottom of a girl. The Impressionists set out to reconstruct a world one could enter, not just admire and be awed by—the common territory of sensually integrated people. Now it is being parceled and sold in \$100,000 lots by art developers.

Perhaps the most attractive fantasy would be a total worldwide collapse in Impressionist and Post-Impressionist prices. There would be a panic, and grave gentlemen with faces like silver teapots would commit hara-kiri in galleries from Los Angeles to Paris. But at the end of it, it might become possible once more to see these works with the freedom they deserve, not as monuments of capital but as art interacting with other art, past and present.

■ Robert Hughes



EDGAR DEGAS (BY MARCELLIN DESBOUTIN)
Success indistinguishable from panic.

and tax deduction, the question of what is or is not a sure bet has acquired a nervous obsessiveness.

So where have all the dollars gone? They have fled to the august past. It is apparently easier to sell a painting for \$250,000 than for \$2,500. But what would the vitriolic old curmudgeon Edgar Degas—who prophetically remarked that there are some kinds of success indistinguishable from panic—make of the \$530,000 paid for one of his pastels at Parke-Bernet last May? How would the impoverished Van Gogh have greeted the news that 80 years after his death his later oils would routinely go for anything between \$250,000 and \$1,000,000 to exactly the same sort of people who, when he lived, bought Meissoniers?

In the auction house, amid the deep carpets and the reverent murmur of bids, such prices are made to look like a belated homage to genius. In fact they are nothing of the kind. They rep-

tified. One who can be was King Ny-user-ra, who ruled from about 2370 to 2360 B.C. Few statues of Ny-user-ra were known; one of them was in the Cairo Museum. It gave no hint of his appearance, since head and torso were missing, but it was certainly he, because his name was carved on the granite base beneath the striding legs. But where was the King's top half? Recently, the Brooklyn Museum's curator of ancient art, Dr. Bernard V. Bothmer, announced triumphantly that he had found it 5,844 miles from Cairo, displayed in the Memorial Art Gallery in Rochester.

Putting this third-millennium Humpty Dumpty together again was an impressive feat of memory and scholarship. In 1970, Dr. Bothmer found a granite carving in the National Museum of Lebanon in Beirut that he was able to iden-

DAVID SARR



BOTHMER & STATUE OF NY-USER-RA
Where was the King's top?

tify as an effigy of Ny-user-ra. Checking archives for other monuments of the obscure King, he turned up a reference to the lower half of the broken Cairo statue, which had its left arm hanging by its side but no trace of a right arm. The Rochester bust, he remembered, was close in style to the statue of Ny-user-ra in Beirut, and it had its right arm raised gripping a mace.

"At that point," says Bothmer, "it clicked. If the broken statue of Ny-user-ra in Cairo had no arm on its right hip, the arm must have been raised. That described the Rochester fragment." At Bothmer's request, Cairo made a plaster cast of its piece and shipped it to New York. When Bothmer placed the Rochester bust on Ny-user-ra's legs, it fitted exactly. The completed statue is now on display at the Brooklyn Museum—and the Pharaoh looks a lot more pharaonic in one piece than in two.

Split King

The Fifth Dynasty, a period of the Old Kingdom that lasted from about 2450 to 2290 B.C., is a puzzling blank in Egyptology. Little of its art has survived; its pyramids were jerry-built and unimpressive; the surviving clues to its history are so meager that few of its pharaohs can even be iden-

EDUCATION

The Case for Permissibility

At the traditional school I came from, you just sat at a desk copying from a book and all that junk. It was a big game to see if you could chew bubble gum all day and sometimes stick it on your nose without the teacher noticing. Here you learn responsibility.

So says Mary Beth Brill, an unabashed eighth-grader in the "new town" of Columbia, Md. Yet the Wilde Lake Middle School (grades 6 through 8), which she now attends, looks at first like a model of irresponsibility. It lacks neat classrooms, desks in rows, hands raised before speaking. Many of its 750 students sprawl in conversational clusters on the carpeted floors. They spend most of their time jumbled into three vast

year this week, is a prime example of how drastic changes can be carried out in moderate ways that minimize both confusion and unconscious retreats to rigidity.

Working in teams, Wilde Lake's teachers split the curriculum into small parts that each child can master largely at his own pace. Assignments for one pod's recent interdisciplinary unit on "exploring the universe" were posted on bulletin boards around the walls. In the area devoted to science, the cards told the pupils to read any six out of seven mimeographed essays about telescopes and constellations and then answer sheets of questions about them. Students working in "language arts" analyzed a Ray Bradbury science-fiction story.

Air of Freedom. Groups of children are allowed to work together, teaching

shun the pure permissiveness that says if a child is allowed to goof off long enough, he will decide for himself that work is more satisfying. The resulting hybrid might be called "permissibility."

Escape Hatch. Lazy or hostile students are asked a tough question: "If you don't want to do this, what do you want to do, and why?" One shy girl has blossomed because she was allowed to hand in most of her written work in the form of deft cartoons. Though self-motivated kids can design their own independent study projects, no one can spend the entire year on one subject. All units have time limits; most include tests. Students who stray from their pods without an explanation get old-fashioned detention after school. Says Principal Jones, a pragmatic convert to informal teaching after 15 years in formal Maryland schools: "We need to control some of the kids who can't stand the 360-degree escape hatch."

Last fall, several earnest students petitioned Jones to close the hatch and abandon the new ways. Says self-aware Eighth-Grader Pam Kerby: "I'm one of the lazy ones, and here I don't push myself." But even Pam has just completed a demanding report on Latin America, and most of the students are ending the year with an air of steady purpose. Last week several groups seated on the floor kept on working right through one of the school's two daily bells (for lunch and dismissal). Finally one girl remarked, "The bell rang, I think."

Coping with Change. Thriving on making choices, 75% of the students have done some form of independent study. When one pod offered week-long "mini-courses," a 13-year-old boy who had been in trouble with the police chose film making. He then directed 15 other children in a zany sequence of trick photographic effects. Elated at his success, he has stopped playing hooky and begun doing serious work. For a paper on Russian political attitudes, another boy has just finished reading piles of newspapers, *Doctor Zhivago*, and the *Communist Manifesto*. Last month a group of girls got credit for organizing 30 Wilde Lake students to spend five days as tutors at a nearby elementary school.

The eighth-graders who graduated last year have gone on to a traditional high school with no worse traits than an unnering habit of demanding reasons for what their teachers make them do. For anxious parents, standardized tests provide the most encouraging results of all. During each of the past two years, Wilde Lake's students have outscored those in all of the county's other middle schools.

Beyond test results, schools like Wilde Lake aim to redefine what a modern school should teach. In the year 2000, Wilde Lake's current students will be in their early 40s and surely just as much in need of the ability to cope with rapid change as of antique knowledge memorized in school. Many parents find this hard to accept. Alarmed that her child was short on traditional dates and facts,



STUDENTS SPRAWLED IN WILDE LAKE MIDDLE SCHOOL
From seeming irresponsibility to steady purpose.

rooms called "pods" that hold 250 kids apiece. Since the pods are really one-room schoolhouses, Wilde Lake sounds like a hive of teen-agers doing their homework with the radio blaring. Skeptical parents sometimes call it the Wilde Lake "Muddle" School.

In fact, the lack of old standards has enabled—and forced—the teachers to create new and demanding ones. Most teachers spend three hours a night planning the next day's work. Their goal is to give each child a special program aimed at goading him to learn by himself. Such efforts are increasing, not only in private "free" schools (TIME, April 26), but in nearly 500 public schools across the U.S. The Wilde Lake school, which ends its second

and subtly competing with one another. Older children are sometimes assigned to help younger ones. Each pod's six teachers (one for every 41 kids) are free to cruise from child to child, prodding, checking the finished work, combatting the gloom or gossip that often deters pre-adolescent concentration.

The air of freedom neatly defines away what Principal Charles L. Jones calls "the garbage discipline problems"—kids with feet in the aisle or getting up to sharpen pencils. But self-discipline is another matter. To encourage it, the teachers try to steer a middle course. They refuse to insist on the old obedience, which often prevents kids from learning the consequences of their own choices. Even so, the teachers also

one mother recently complained that Wilde Lake kids do not know what year *The Star-Spangled Banner* was written. "That's true," replied a teacher, "but they know how to look it up."

KUDOS: Round 3

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David R. Brower, L.H.D., conservationist and founder of Friends of the Earth.

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Ellen Stewart, D.F.A., impresario of New York City's Café La Mama theater.

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* 1814.



ELLINGTON



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MORGAN STATE COLLEGE

Julian Bond, L.L.D., Georgia state legislator and civil rights leader.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

Julius Axelrod, Sc.D., Nobel laureate in medicine.

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Ivan Boldizar, L.H.D., novelist, playwright and executive president of the Hungarian P.E.N. society.

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WARNING: HE IS STILL AT LARGE!

HE is indeed. As the words of this Wanted poster from a Christian underground newspaper demonstrate, Jesus is alive and well and living in the radical spiritual fervor of a growing number of young Americans who have proclaimed an extraordinary religious revolution in his name. Their message: the Bible is true, miracles happen, God really did so love the world that he gave it his only begotten son. In 1966 Beatle John Lennon casually remarked that the Beatles were more popular than Jesus Christ; now the Beatles are shattered, and George Harrison is singing *My Sweet Lord*. The new young followers of Jesus listen to Harrison, but they turn on only to the words of their Master: "For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

It is a startling development for a generation that has been constantly accused of tripping out or coping out with sex, drugs and violence. Now, embracing the most persistent symbol of purity, selflessness and brotherly love in the history of Western man, they are afire with a Pentecostal passion for sharing their new vision with others. Fresh-faced, wide-eyed young girls and earnest young men badger businessmen and shoppers on Hollywood Boulevard, near the Lincoln Memorial, in Dallas, in Detroit and in Wichita, "witnessing" for Christ with breathless exhortations.

Christian coffeehouses have opened in many cities, signaling their faith even in their names: The Way Word in Greenwich Village, the Catacombs in Seattle, I Am in Spokane. A strip joint has been converted to a "Christian nightclub" in San Antonio. Communal "Christian houses" are multiplying like loaves and fishes for youngsters hungry for homes, many reaching out to the troubled with round-the-clock telephone hot lines. Bibles abound; whether the cherished, fur-covered King James Version or scruffy, back-pocket paperbacks, they are invariably well-thumbed and often memorized. "It's like a glacier,"

date for saturating the U.S. with the gospel of Jesus Christ is 1976—and the world by 1980. Of course, if the LORD wants to work a bit slower, that's O.K."

Some of the fascination for Jesus among the young may simply be belated hero worship of a fellow rebel, the first great martyr to the cause of peace and brotherhood. Not so, however, for the vast majority in the Jesus movement. If any one mark clearly identifies them it is their total belief in an awesome, supernatural Jesus Christ, not just a marvelous man who lived 2,000 years ago but a living God who is both Saviour and Judge, the ruler of their destinies. Their lives revolve

around the necessity for an intense personal relationship with that Jesus, and the belief that such a relationship should condition every human life. They act as if divine intervention guides their every movement and can be counted on to solve every problem. Many of them have had serious personal difficulties before their conversions; a good portion of the movement is really a May-December marriage of conservative religion and the rebellious counterculture, and many of the converts have come to Christ from the fraudulent promises of drugs. Now they subscribe strictly to the Ten Commandments, rather than to the situation ethics of the "new morality"—although, like St. Paul, they are often tolerant of old failings among new converts.

The Jesus revolution rejects not only the material values of conventional

America but the prevailing wisdom of American theology. Success often means an impersonal and despiritualized life that increasingly finds release in sex, exploration, status, alcohol and conspicuous consumption. Christianity—or at least the brand of it preached in prestige seminaries, pulpits and church offices over recent decades—has emphasized an immanent God of nature and social movement, not the new movement's transcendental, personal God who comes to earth in the person of Jesus, in the lives of individuals, in miracles (see box, page 60). The Jesus revolution, in short,

California teen-ager gives "Jesus sign" during beach baptism. Index finger pointed heavenward signifies that Jesus is the "one way" to salvation.

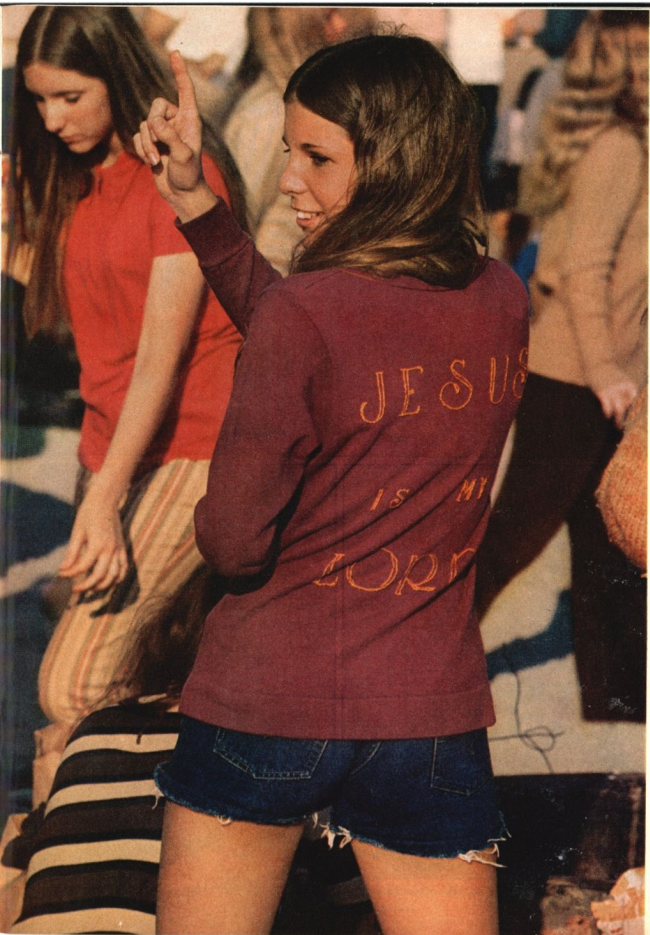
JULIAN WASSER



THE FIRST PENTECOST BY GUSTAVE DORÉ
Multiplying like loaves and fishes.

says "Jesus-Rock" Singer Larry Norman, 24. "It's growing and there's no stopping it."

There is an uncommon morning freshness to this movement, a buoyant atmosphere of hope and love along with the usual rebel zeal. Some converts seem to enjoy translating their new faith into everyday life, like those who answer the phone with "Jesus loves you" instead of "hello." But their love seems more sincere than a slogan, deeper than the fast-fading sentiments of the flower children; what startles the outsider is the extraordinary sense of joy that they are able to communicate. Of course, as in any fresh religious movement, zealotry is never far away. Some in the movement even have divine timetables. Says Founder Bill Bright of the Campus Crusade for Christ: "Our target

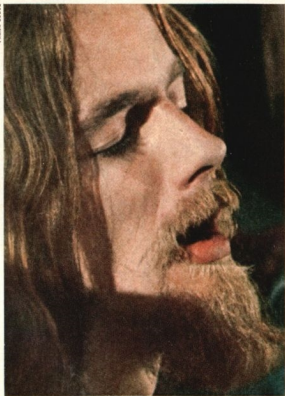


Young paralytic is carried to mass baptism in Pacific at Corona del Mar.

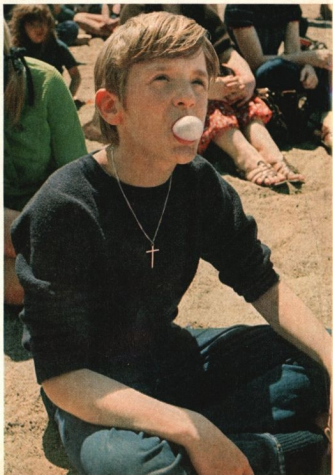
JULIAN WASSER



FRANK LORGE

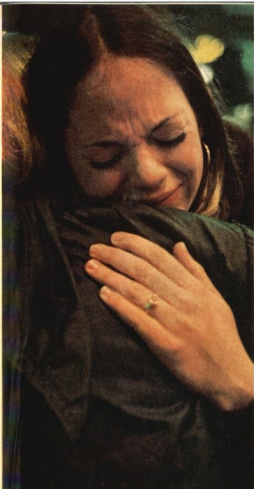


Catholic Pentecostalist speaks in tongues.



Gum-blowing worshiper at New Jersey rally.

JOHN BOBATON—CAMERA 8



Jewish girl decides for Jesus in Hollywood.

D. GORTON

Pro football players help form a "prayer huddle" in Cotton Bowl.



REUTERS/ALC



Exuberant congregation at Bethel Tabernacle in Redondo Beach, Calif., raise arms in praise of Christ.

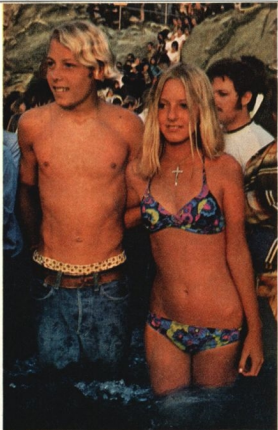
D. GORTON

JULIAN WASSER

Boy in jeans, girl in bikini wait for baptism.
Carried away by prayer in California.



D. GORTON

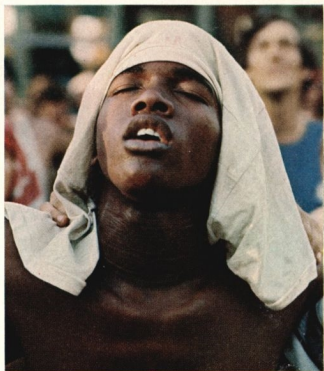


Children of God disciples join hands in celebration of Jesus at Indio, Calif.

D. GORTON

Wearing sackcloth, daubed with ashes, youths conduct vigil on Los Angeles' Skid Row.

D. GORTON

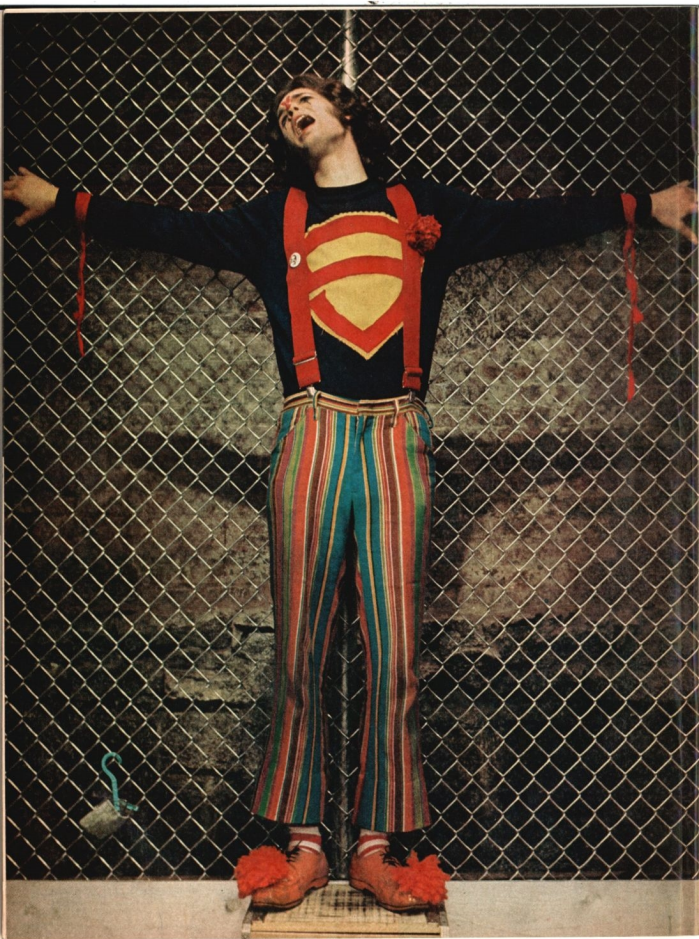


WILLIAM S.

T shirt covers head at outdoor service.

Preaching at former Texas strip club.

DON DORNAN



is one that denies the virtues of the Secular City and heaps scorn on the message that God was ever dead. Why?

But why not? This is the generation that has burned out many of its lights and lives before it is old enough to vote. "The first thing I realized was how different it is to go to high school today," wrote Maureen Orth in a "Last Supplement" to the *Whole Earth Catalog*. "Acid trips in the seventh grade, sex in the eighth, the Viet Nam War a daily serial on TV since you were nine, parents and school worse than 'irrelevant'—meaningless. No wonder Jesus is making a great comeback." The death of authority brought the curse of uncertainty. As Thomas Farber writes in *Tales for the Son of My Unborn Child*: "The freedom from work, from restraint, from accountability, wondrous in its inception, became banal and counterfeit. Without rules there was no way to say no, and worse, no way to say yes."

The search for a "yes" led thousands to the Oriental and the mystical, the occult and even Satanism before they drew once again on familiar roots. One of the nation's successful young evangelists, Richard Hoag, 24, believes that many of his youthful converts see Jesus as a marvelous father figure. "The kids are searching for authority, love and understanding—ingredients missing at home. Jesus is what their fathers aren't." Adds Baptist Pastor John Bisagno: "I'm amazed at how many people I've counseled who have never heard their fathers say 'I love you.'"

Christ Couture

The enthusiasm is not universal. By no means a majority of the young, or their elders, are soldiers in the revolution—any more than they were flower children or acid trippers. Some call the Jesus movement a fad or just another bad trip. Is it? Is the growing fascination with Jesus a passing, adolescent infatuation? There are obvious fad aspects: Jesus shirts (JESUS IS MY LORD) bumper stickers (SMILE, GOD LOVES YOU), posters, buttons (THE MESSIAH IS THE MESSAGE) and, inevitably, a Jesus-People wristwatch. Some followers are affecting a Christ couture: white pants and tunics, Mexican-peasant style. There are de *rigueur* catch phrases: endless "Praise Gods" and "Bless Yous." There is even a "Jesus cheer"—"Give me a J, give me an E. . . ." Rapidly catching on is the Jesus-People "sign," a raised arm with clenched fist, the index finger pointed heavenward, to indicate Jesus as the "one way" to salvation. "If it is a fad," says Evangelist Billy Graham, "I welcome it."

There are signs that the movement is something quite a bit larger than a theo-

logical Hula-Hoop, something more lasting than a religious Woodstock. It cuts across nearly all the social dividing lines, from crew cut to long hair, right to left, rich to poor. It shows considerable staying power: many who were in its faint beginnings in 1967 are still leading it. It has been powerful enough to divert many young people from serious drug addiction. Its appeal is ecumenical, attracting Roman Catholics and Jews, Protestants of every persuasion and many with no religion at all. Catholics visit Protestant churches with a new empathy, and Protestants find themselves chatting with nuns and openly enjoying Mass. "We are all brothers in the body of Christ," says a California Catholic lay leader, and he adds: "We are on the threshold of the greatest spiritual revival the U.S. has ever experienced."

Pentecostals and Millenarians

Spiritual revivals are, of course, a longstanding American tradition. George Whitefield and Jonathan Edwards led the first Great Awakening in the 1740s and there have been others since: the frontier camp meetings at the beginning of the 19th century, the great revival of the 1850s, and the Pentecostal explosion at the beginning of the 20th century. The Jesus revolution, like the others, has a flavor peculiarly American. Its strong Pentecostalism emphasizes such esoteric spiritual gifts as speaking in tongues and healing by faith. For many, there exists a firm conviction that Jesus' Second Coming is literally at hand. Proclaiming the imminent end of the world and Last Judgment like so many dread guards, some millenarians chart the signs of the Apocalypse with the aid of handbooks like *The Late Great Planet Earth*. They see smog and pollution prophesied in *Isaiah*; the taking of Old Jerusalem by the Jews, and the admission of ten nations into the Common Market are signs that the end is near.

The movement is apart from, rather than against, established religion: converts often speak disparagingly of the blandness or hypocrisy of their former churches, but others work comfortably as a supplementary, revitalizing force of change from within. The movement, in fact, is one of considerable flexibility and vitality, drawing from three vigorous spiritual streams that, despite differences in dress, manner and theology, effectively reinforce one another.

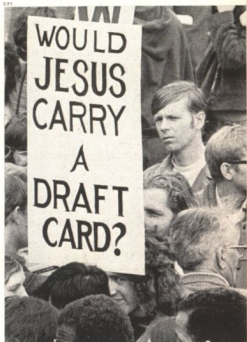
THE JESUS PEOPLE, also known as Street Christians or Jesus Freaks, are the most visible; it is they who have blended the counterculture and conservative religion. Many trace their beginnings to the 1967 flower era in San Francisco, but there were almost simultaneous stirrings in other areas. Some, but by no means all, affect the hippie style; others have forsworn it as part of their new lives.

THE STRAIGHT PEOPLE, by far the largest group, are mainly active in interdenominational, evangelical campus and youth movements. Once merely an arm of evangelical Protestantism, they are now

more ecumenical—a force almost independent of the churches that spawned them. Most of them are Middle America, campus types: neatly coiffed hair and Sears, Roebuck clothes styles.

THE CATHOLIC PENTECOSTALS, like the Jesus People, emerged unexpectedly and dramatically in 1967. Publicly austere but privately ecstatic in their devotion to the Holy Spirit, they remain loyal to the church but unsettle some in the hierarchy. In a sense they are following the lead of mainstream Protestant Neo-Pentecostals, who have been leading charismatic renewal movements in their own churches for a decade.

Together, all three movements may



ANTIWAR PROTESTERS IN WASHINGTON

Worship of a fellow rebel.

number in the hundreds of thousands nationally, conceivably many more, but any figure is a guess. The Catholic Pentecostals, often meeting in the privacy of members' homes, may number 10,000, but some observers believe that they could easily be three times that. Those converted by the straight evangelicals generally wind up on established church rolls, but are likely to be in the hundreds of thousands; the evangelical staffs alone account for more than 5,000 people. The Jesus People—surely many thousands—are the most difficult to count. They often cluster in communes or, as they prefer to call them, "Christian houses"; the Rev. Edward Plowman, historian of the movement, estimates that there are 600 across the U.S. There is no doubt about their growth: Evangelist David Hoyt moved from San Francisco to Atlanta only a year ago and now has three communes and a cadre of 70 evangelizing disciples there, and centers in three other Southeastern

As Jesus in off-Broadway musical *Godspell*, Star Stephen Nathan is crucified on wire fence. Unlike *Jesus Christ Superstar*, *Godspell* has hopeful ending suggesting resurrection.

TIM BOKER

Many Things to Many Men

JESUS once asked his disciples, "Who do men say that I am?" Even they argued uncertainly about the answer—until the Resurrection. In the nearly 2,000 years since, conflicting answers about the nature of Jesus have never stopped coming in. In the past century alone, some 60,000 books have sought to explain Christ. In one of the latest, Journalist William Emerson Jr. complains that in different centuries and cultures people have always concocted "the sort of Jesus they could live with." He then goes on to create a gee-whiz, headline-seeking Christ who traveled the revival circuit.

The traditional view of Jesus is founded on the New Testament and the theological debates that enlivened the first three centuries of the Christian era. A series of church councils early condemned two extreme views: 1) the idea that Jesus was merely a man, and 2) the belief that he was a God who only appeared to be in human form. The orthodox consensus, of course, was that he was both truly man and truly God. Beyond that basic tenet, however, different cultures through the ages have invariably given Christ different characterizations. The medieval church saw him as the ideal knight in the spiritual guidebook *Ancrene Wisse*, and later as Christ the King—a connotation that happened to fit in nicely with the papacy's temporal claims.

Writers in every era have remade Jesus in the image that suited their personal or literary needs. In Milton's *Paradise Regained*, Christ is an intellectual who disdains "the people" as "a herd confus'd, a miscellaneous rabble who extol things vulgar." The 19th century skeptic Swinburne had a character say of Jesus, "O pale Galilean; the world has grown grey from thy breath." D.H. Lawrence equated the Resurrection with Jesus' awakening sexual desire. In the 1960s, S.G.F. Brandon saw the Nazarene as a sympathizer of the 1st century's Zealot guerrillas.

Artistic interpretations have varied as widely. The painters of the Byzantine era produced a formidable otherworldly Christ; in the Middle Ages he became the stern ruler at the Last Judgment. Gradually, a more human Jesus appeared. Rembrandt scoured the Jewish quarter to find models. By the 20th century, Picasso was painting Jesus as a bullfighter.

While the artistic images of Christ varied, the basic theological view of Jesus as both God and man remained largely unchanged for 1,300 years.

Then the empiricism of the 18th century Enlightenment began eroding belief in the supernatural. The New Testament was described as a hodgepodge that revealed much about St. Paul and the early church but little about the real Jesus. In the 19th century, Albrecht Ritschl, a leader of liberal theology, totally rejected the deity of Jesus, and Historian Bruno Bauer denied that the human Jesus had ever lived. In Rudolf Bultmann's 20th century view, the "Christ of faith" returned, but the "Jesus of history" was inaccessible. The pendulum is still swinging. Bultmann's disciples have since decided that some of Jesus' actual words and works can indeed be determined through research. Quite a few reputable scholars now believe that the New Testament account is reliable history.

America, the land of revivalism, has from the start alternated in its view between an awesome Christ and an accessible Christ. In the Calvinism of the original Great Awakening, Jesus was a severe judge; Jonathan Edwards and others emphasized sinful man's utter helplessness before him. In the 19th century revivals of Charles G. Finney and Dwight L. Moody, however, the Lord had become more sympathetic: he began to help those who helped themselves by responding to his grace. Pious white Sunday-school art has since made Jesus into an effete Aryan rather than a rugged Jewish carpenter, but that image is hardly more subjective than the contemporary Black Jesus in a dashiki. No more biblically authentic is a recent Presbyterian-Methodist TV spot: Jesus fends off the accusers of the Bible's adulterous woman, but the script omits his admonition: "Sin no more."

However Christ is viewed, his figure has walked through the ages with a commanding, if sometimes mysterious, presence. For modern man, it is not always easy to understand the Jesus who claimed: "I am the way and the truth and the life; no one comes to the Father but by me" (John 14:6). Thus it is not at all surprising that the questions that have engaged theologians through the centuries have become pop theology in the rock opera *Jesus Christ Superstar*:

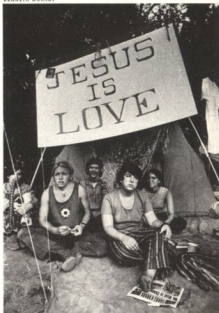
*Jesus Christ Jesus Christ
Who are you? What have you
sacrificed?
Jesus Christ Superstar
Do you think you're what they
say you are?*

cities. Much of the movement's main strength, however, has been built where it started, along the West Coast.

Some of the manifestations there could command places in William James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*. R.D. Cronquist, for instance, was a carpenter until last July, dabbling on the side in ministerial work. Now the masthead, goateed Cronquist is the pastor of the Grace Fellowship Chapel, a windowless, corrugated shed on a hill in Imperial Beach, Calif. A drab shell, perhaps, but a pearl inside; as one 22-year-old girl put it, "the heaviest place I know to worship." Services include free-form "singing in the spirit," a mighty babble of moans, groans and cries against a background of organ music; "prophesies," in ersatz King James style; and long Cronquist sermons, complete with angels and demons.

Up the beach at Encinitas is a brand of Christianity that is pure California.

KENNETH MURRAY



JESUS FREAKS AT LOVE VALLEY, N.C.

Ed Wright, 26, owner of the Sunset Surf Shop and principal apostle of the Christian Surfers, tells how Jesus adds a special dimension to the sport. "It's so beautiful when you are with the Lord and catch a good ride. When you are piling out for the next one you just say 'Thank you Lord for being so good to us and for the good waves and the good vibes.'" Christ is the essential focus, though. Surfer Mike Wonder, a fellow convert, sought Christ after he found the perfect wave in Hawaii and it failed to bring him happiness.

Nothing except Christ makes waves at gatherings of Berkeley's Christian World Liberation Front, which was in the vanguard of the movement in the San Francisco Bay Area. CWLF Bible meetings are like an understanding embrace: the members sit naturally in a

rough circle; a spaced-out speed freak crawls in, is casually accepted, kneels; a baby plays; the only black plucks a guitar, and the group swings easily into a dozen songs. The hat is passed with a new invitation: "If you have something to spare, give; if you need, take." Finally they rise, take one another's hands, and sing "We will walk with each other/ We will walk hand in hand/ And they'll know we are Christians by our love."

Spokane's Voice of Elijah spreads the spirit in large ways and small. When house members heard of a hungry old woman who had been cut from welfare, they took up a \$42 collection at the I Am coffeehouse, left her groceries, cash and a message that read simply "from Jesus." The house reaches large groups through its hard-rock band, the Wilson McKinley, which recently helped draw 8,000 to a "Sweet Jesus Rock Concert" at Stanford University. The Jesus People almost lost the crowd

Put Your Hand in the Hand and My Sweet Lord are top-40 hits, and Jesus-rock groups, most of them converts, roam the country under such names as Hope, Dove and The Joyful Noise.

Go Tell About Jesus

The sounds produced by the rock groups are not always good nor the lyrics always effective evangelism, but the best of the Jesus-rock music is both professionally and theologically solid. Larry Norman, probably the top solo artist in the field, attacks the occult in his album *Upon This Rock*: "Forget your hexagram/ You'll soon feel fine/ Stop looking at the stars/ You don't live under the signs." Many Jesus-rock musicians commit their lives as well as their talent. Drummer Steve Hornyak, 30, of The Crimson Bridge, gave up a \$35,000 house, a Toronado, and a career as a school-band director when another Jesus musician challenged him to "go tell

parently enough to print 65,000 copies of *Right On!* in Berkeley and 400,000 copies of the *Hollywood Free Paper*, the movement's largest. Now Berkeley's CWLF is hoping to start a Jesus news service. There is much to report, in all parts of the U.S. Items:

► At First Baptist Church in Houston, youth-minded Pastor Bisagno, 37, brought in Evangelist Hoag to recruit the young in a week-long revival. Hoag traveled from school to school with his plea, and 11,000 young people stepped forward at Bisagno's church to declare themselves for Jesus. Now the first few pews at First Baptist are reserved for the youngsters. While the rest of the congregation mumble their amens, the kids punctuate Bisagno's sermons with yells of "Ooutta sight, man, bee-yoo-ti-ful."

► In Chicago's Grant Park bandshell, Street Evangelist Arthur Blessitt last month warmed up a crowd of nearly 1,000 with a lusty Jesus cheer, then led

them off on a parade through the Loop, gathering people as they went. "Chicago police, we love you!" they shouted to cops along the route. "Jesus loves you!" Blessitt also passed a box through the crowd, asking for a special contribution: drugs. The box came back filled with marijuana, pills and LSD; it was turned over to the flabbergasted cops. This month, Blessitt is really testing Jesus' power. He is in New York City for a three-month blitz among the pimps, prostitutes and porno shops of Times Square for which he hopes to recruit as many as 3,000 young helpers. So far he has had only one unnerving setback. A streetwalker told him that she had worn one of his bright red stickers (TURN ON TO JESUS) and "never had a better night."

► On a cul-de-sac beach at Corona del Mar, Calif., the Rev. Chuck Smith recently

held another of the mass baptisms that have made his Calvary Chapel at Santa Ana famous. Under a setting sun, several hundred converts waded into the cold Pacific, patiently waiting their turn for the rite. On the cliffs above, hundreds more watched. Most of the baptized were young, tanned and casual in cut-off blue jeans, pullovers and even an occasional bikini. A freshly dunked teen-ager, water streaming from her tie-dyed shirt, threw her arms around a woman and cried, "Mother, I love you!" A teen-age drug user who had been suffering from recurring unscheduled trips suddenly screamed, "My flashbacks are gone!" As the baptisms ended, the crowd slowly climbed a narrow stairway up the cliff, singing a moving Lord's Prayer in the twilight.

► At Novato, Calif., the new Solid Rock



MOVEMENT SYMBOL IN CALIFORNIA



FLANDERS (LEFT) BAPTIZING IN WASHINGTON, D.C., POOL

when one evangelist told the collegians they should "abstain from sexual immorality, and that means abstain except in marriage. We're finding this is the last area people want to give up." There were no cheers but, astonishingly in the Age of Aquarius, no hoots either.

Music, the lingua franca of the young, has become the special medium of the Jesus movement. *Godspell*, a bright, moving musical written by students and based on the *Gospel According to St. Matthew*, is a sellout hit off-Broadway. The rock opera *Jesus Christ Superstar*, bound for Broadway next fall, is already a bestselling record album; at New York City's Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church recently, a minister smilingly baptized a baby "In the name of the Father, the Holy Ghost, and Jesus Christ Superstar." *Amazing Grace*,

about Jesus." Scott Ross, 31, a former New York disk jockey, has become head of a Christian commune in Freeville, N.Y., the Love Inn. Ross still tapes a weekly show that he uses to promote Jesus music on standard stations.

A growing number of musical stars, including Johnny Cash and Eric Clapton, are among the Jesus movement converts. Paul Stookey of Peter, Paul and Mary has preached on the steps of Berkeley's Sproul Hall; Jeremy Spencer of Britain's Fleetwood Mac has joined the ultrarigid Children of God. Few are more zealous than Pat Boone; he has baptized more than 200 converts in his own swimming pool during the past year.

The revolutionary word is also spread by a growing, literally free Jesus press that now numbers some 50 newspapers across the country. Donations are ap-

house is perhaps typical of the communal Christian houses. Though none is quite the same as another, they all insist that premarital sex and drugs are out, and many have quite strict rules: up early, to bed by ten or eleven, assigned chores, a certain number of mandatory Bible readings or prayer gatherings. Yet they generally are happy places. "It is a gentle place, this Solid Rock," reports TIME Correspondent Karsten Prager. "The voices are quiet, the words that recur are 'love' and 'blessing' and 'the Lord' and 'sharing' and 'peace' and 'brothers and sisters.'" Twelve "brothers and sisters" live in Solid Rock, six men, four women, two babies, the children of unmarried mothers. The men of the commune work at house painting and construction to meet the bills, but the main business of the house is to order the lives within it around Christ. One of the mothers describes the success of that effort simply: "When I first came to the house, I didn't know Jesus. But it turned out that I grew. I guess I trust now."

TV and Grass

The path to the movement, in or out of communes, is often littered with drugs. The Way, an 18-year-old, off-beat and minor theological group now virtually taken over and greatly expanded by the Jesus People, has two staunch supporters in Wichita, Kans.: prominent Lawyer Dale Fair and his wife, who got involved when a Way evangelist helped their daughter off drugs. One of the San Francisco pioneers, Ted Wise, has been so successful with drug cures that he now has a new clinic in Menlo Park, Washington, D.C., movement leader Denny Flanders tells drug users: "You can use drugs after Jesus, but you won't need them. If you become Christians, this is what has to happen." Convert Connie Sue McCartney, 21, of Louisiana, describes how "the devil came to me" and tempted her to return to speed. She had kept some in hand just in case, but she was up to the temptation: "I took it, flushed it down the john in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost." Former Houston

Speed Freak Terry Vincent says: "Man, God turned me around from the darkness to the light. That's all I know. That is all I want to know."

Drug cures are not the only attraction for conversion. There are a disproportionate number of Roman Catholics among the Jesus People, attracted by the movement's direct approach to Christ. Many Jews have also joined, claiming that they are not quitting but fulfilling their Judaism. Few spiritual Odysseys, though, are as circuitous as that of Christopher Pike, 21, the younger son of the late Episcopal Bishop James A. Pike. In 1967 he began combining marijuana highs with nonstop television watching: "TV and grass, that was my god," he says. Then came acid, Eastern religion and Bible reading—while stoned. Recalls Chris: "One day I saw Ted Wise speaking in Sproul Plaza at Berkeley. He was the first intelligent Christian I ever saw." Soon thereafter, he made a commitment: "I just said 'Jesus Christ, I'm going to give myself to you and nobody else.' Nothing happened, but I knew. I knew he had reached down, and I was saved." Now Chris lives in a trailer near Reno, studying religious books and working on a library of religious tapes. "The old Chris Pike died back there," says the Bishop's son. "I'm a new creature."

Many conversions seem to be like Pike's: slow, but finally confident turnarounds rather than lightning-bolt illuminations. Yet some do come suddenly. Marsha Daigle, Catholic and a doctoral student at the University of Michigan, was deeply distraught at the deaths of Martin Luther King Jr. and Robert Kennedy. One day she opened a Bible and suddenly "knew Christ was my personal Saviour. It was the last thing I expected."

Gospel Crusaders

Another major part of the Jesus movement is the highly organized, interdenominational youth movement of the established churches—a sort of person-to-person counterpart of mass-rally evangelism. Though they have been around for decades, supported by local

congregations and generous private contributors, they are finding a huge new growth in the Jesus revolution.

The biggest of the straight groups is Campus Crusade for Christ, 20-year-old soul child of former Businessman Bill Bright. He still means business: this year's budget is \$12 million, and by next month he will have 3,000 full-time staffers on 450 campuses. Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship is a different breed of campus evangelism—more intellectual, more socially concerned—but it has no lack of gospel zeal. It conducted a missionary convention at the University of Illinois last December that drew 12,000, probably the largest college religious meeting in North American history. Young Life, founded in 1941, reaches its audience with 1,300 clubs, U.S. and foreign. Youth for Christ began business a few years later with a lanky young evangelist named Billy Graham; it is now in 2,700 high schools.

Extraordinary Love

Few groups have had more impact than has one man, Assemblies of God Minister David Wilkerson, whose growing movement began with a single incident: his dramatic conversion of Brooklyn Teen-Age Gang Lord Nicky Cruz in 1958. Cruz himself is now an evangelist. Wilkerson's evangelical and anti-drug organization, Teen Challenge, has 53 centers. His book about Cruz's conversion, *The Cross and the Switchblade*, has sold 6,000,000 copies; a movie version, starring Pat Boone as Wilkerson, will be released nationwide July 1. The book had an unusual side effect: its Pentecostal flavor helped launch the Roman Catholic Pentecostal movement.

Catholic Pentecostalism? The name is an apparent contradiction in terms: an austere and ritualized church coupled with a movement characterized in its early years by unleashed emotionalism—eye-rolling ecstasies, shouting, jumping, even rolling on the floor. Classic Pentecostalism has since toned down markedly, but it can still put even an unwary Catholic into theological shock. Jerry Harvey, who helped start the growing Catholic Pentecostal group in the San Diego area, once invited some Protestant Pentecostals "to show us how to do it their way. The poor nuns who were there actually turned white."

The Catholic establishment in the U.S. has not blanchied, but it has not turned red with enthusiasm, even though Pope John XXIII himself called upon the Holy Spirit to "renew your wonders in this, our day, as by a new Pentecost." An inquiry conducted in the U.S. for the National Conference of Catholic Bishops did find, however, that Pentecostal experience often "leads to a better understanding of the role the Christian plays in the Church." The evidence supports that finding. One Los Angeles priest says that he has stayed in the priesthood because of the "tremendous peace" he found in the renewal movement. Dr. James McFadden, 40,

PRAYER MEETING AT JESUS PEOPLE'S TEMPLE OF STILL WATERS IN ATLANTA



dean of Michigan's pioneering School of Natural Resources, is a Catholic for whom religion "never had an experiential dimension. It was intellectual, the distant Christ of history." But he found "extraordinary" love among the 300 Pentecostals of the university's Word of God community. "Very few people live as though there really is a God who sent his only son to be a man."

The Pentecostalist fervor has been growing rapidly. From its beginnings at Duquesne University in 1967, where Wilkerson's book was one of the influences, the movement spread to Notre Dame and Ann Arbor, which have been major forces in it ever since. But there are sizable numbers elsewhere. On Trinity Sunday last week, 450 Catholic Pentecostals held a "Day of Renewal" at St. Theresa Catholic Church in San Diego; this weekend 3,000 Catholic Pentecostals from all over the country are expected to gather at Notre Dame for their annual national conference.

Despite the evidence of enriched religiosity, there is enough in the Catholic Pentecostalist movement to account for the hierarchy's reserve. It is casually ecumenical. Its speaking in tongues—glossolalia, a form of prayer that is usually a babbling non-language—is done quietly, but it is done. The Pentecostals have the unhappy faculty of offending both liberals and conservatives in Catholicism: liberals resent their inconsistent orthodox theology, conservatives their communal life-style.

Passive v. Ecstatic

The confident conviction of the Jesus revolution (we have the answer; the rest of the world is wrong) irritates many, whatever branch of the movement it radiates from. Dan Herr, publisher of the progressive Catholic bimonthly *The Critic*, calls Catholic Pentecostalism "spiritual chic." Some who turn off may be expressing the natural and inevitable resentment of the passive believer against the ecstatic believer. In his magisterial study *Enthusiasm*, the late Catholic scholar Msgr. Ronald Knox described the attitude of the religious enthusiast toward the world at large: "He will have no weaker brethren who plod and stumble, who (if the truth must be told) would like to have a foot in either world, whose ambition is to qualify, not to excel. He has before his eyes a picture of the early Church, visibly penetrated with supernatural influences; and nothing else will serve him for a model."

Others criticize the absolutism of the Jesus revolution and the complete dependency it creates in some of its adherents. Jean Houston, director of the Foundation for Mind Research in New York City, finds that while "the Jesus trip gives them rich expectations and more rigid values, they also suffer a narrowing of conceptual vision. They become obsessed." She cites the case of one girl who turned to the Jesus movement after a severe family crisis. "She es-



MEMBERS OF LOVE INN, CHRISTIAN COMMUNAL FARM IN FREEVILLE, N.Y.

Quiet voices among the brothers and sisters.

aped her guilt and horror, but it had the effect of a psychological and social lobotomy. Where once she had been superbly inquisitive, she now could relate things only in terms of her religion—but she had a focal point for all her energy." Sociologist Andrew Greeley calls Catholic Pentecostalism the "most vital movement in Catholicism right now," but warns that it could become "just pure emotion, even a form of hysteria." The Rev. George Peters of the United Presbyterian Church says of the Jesus People: "I see dangers. This biblical literalism. The kids quote verses without understanding them to prove a point. I thought we'd outgrown that. I'd like to see some kind of form."

The established churches may not have the luxury of choosing the youngsters' style. Whatever the excesses or shortcomings of the Jesus revolution, organized religion cannot afford to lose the young in numbers or enthusiasm. In parts of the movement, of course, the churches are not losing them; indeed, they are gaining zealots. Catholic Pentecostals and straight evangelicals are already having an effect; if organized religion embraced the Jesus People as well, the greening effect on the churches could be considerable. Theologian Martin Marty of the University of Chicago Divinity School feels that the Jesus People, frustrated by a complex society that will not yield to their single-minded devotion, may well disband in disarray. But even Marty says: "Five years from now you may have some better Presbyterians because of their participation in the Jesus movement." And the Rev. Robert Terwilliger of New York City's Trinity Institute says longingly: "There is a revival of religion everywhere—except in the church."

Sometimes the church is not at fault. When young people began to come into the smoothly running, upper-middle-class congregation at La Jolla (Calif.) Lutheran Church, Pastor Charles Donhowe started evening meetings for them. Soon Donhowe had two congregations, the regular Sunday-at-11 variety and the new Christians in the evening. A min-

ister for nine years, Donhowe was in effect converted by the youngsters to unstructured Christianity. He resigned and took his evening congregation with him. Some of his older parishioners joined the secession. Now known simply as "Bird Rock," they meet in Bird Rock Elementary School in La Jolla. If Bird Rock is an omen, it would be an ironic one: the dove, after all, is the ancient symbol of the Holy Spirit, and Jesus built his own church upon a rock.

The Fact of Faith

There are better omens in the actions of clergymen like Houston's John Bisagno, even when they are uncertain of the full meaning and the life span of the Jesus revolution. Says Bisagno: "All I know is that kids are turning on to Jesus. My concern is that the staid, traditional churches will reject these kids and miss the most genuine revival of our lifetime." Canon Edward N. West of Manhattan's Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine has also made his church a haven for religious enthusiasts whom he sometimes does not fully comprehend. He says: "There is no place left where they can go and sort themselves out unless the churches are open. They do an enormous amount of praying, sometimes in the lotus position. One young man comes in and plays the bass recorder. He and God have some relationship over a bass recorder. I don't understand it, but that's his thing."

In a world filled with real and fancied demons for the young, the form their faith takes may be less important than the fact that they have it. Ronald Knox, who set out in *Enthusiasm* to expose the heresies of religious enthusiasts, concluded by praising their spirit. "How nearly we thought we could do without St. Francis, without St. Ignatius," he ended his work. "Men will not live without vision; that moral we would do well to carry away with us from contemplating, in so many strange forms, the record of the visionaries." Enthusiasm may not be the only virtue but, God knows, apathy is none at all.

BEHAVIOR

Poverty May Be Good for You

Ignorance, lack of specialized training, discrimination and substandard wages are the reasons usually cited for the persistence of poverty in the affluent U.S. But Sociologist Herbert J. Gans of M.I.T. believes that there is a more subtle underlying cause for the substandard living conditions of millions of Americans. Poverty, Gans says, continues to exist because it performs useful functions for many members of society.

Writing for the July-August issue of *Social Policy*, Gans lists more than a dozen economic, social and political uses

priority to workers who grub for money. Beyond that, the poor "offer vicarious participation to the rest of the population in the uninhibited sexual, alcoholic and narcotic behavior in which they are alleged to participate." They have a cultural role too: Americans have taken over much music that was born in the slums, and poetry by ghetto children is fawned over in literary circles. Politically, the poor provide votes for liberal candidates, but they are also used by conservatives for making liberalism look unattractive—as it does if its chief beneficiaries can be described convincingly, even if wrongly, as "lazy,

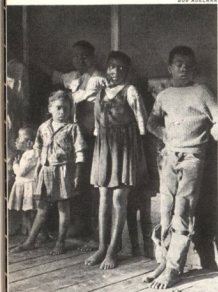
was that of Atlanta Psychiatrist Thomas P. Malone, developer of "the Marriage Enrichment Program," a sensitivity-training course designed for the use of a couple in the privacy of their home.

Malone's do-it-yourself encounter kit, which has just been put on the market for \$29.95, consists of three LPs, five lesson plans and two workbooks—one for the husband, the other for the wife. It also includes two "feeling self mosaics"—jigsawed figures of a man and a woman divided into pieces labeled "ashamed," "anxious," "joyous," or just plain "sexual."

Destructive Criticism. For the course, Malone has created a number of "exercises" in which these materials are used to help couples "listen to their feelings" and examine them freely (and perhaps therapeutically) together. In one, the husband commands and his wife obeys—even when ordered to "kiss your knees," "roll over" and "tell me how grateful you are for being my wife." In another, each partner is advised to write on separate slips "a true secret that you have never told the other person" and "two fictitious secrets that you make up." The slips are then exchanged and discussed. Each exercise is designed to evoke strong feelings, which the husband and wife are then instructed to express and discuss.

To help couples learn the difference between anger (legitimate emotion over real grievances) and hostility (harmful feelings intended to hurt), the program leads the husband and wife into comparing their partners with other people; it suggests saying, for example, "This other person cooks better than you," or "This other person is more courteous than you." Such destructive criticism helps couples to learn that hostility separates people. On the other hand, anger is rewarded in Malone's course because it can actually draw people closer. Husband and wife are counseled, each in his private workbook, to buy a gift in secret and present it after the other "first allows himself to be openly angry with you instead of hostile." For reasons that are not explained, the gift is to be given at 3 a.m. on the morning after anger is displayed—a time seemingly calculated to produce even greater anger.

Misusing Openness. Whether Dr. Malone's package enriches or not remains to be seen. One couple who tried it out felt at first like victims of "an expensive put-on," but later were "drawn into a free-wheeling discussion of problems we had glossed over in the past." Some psychiatrists suggest that the program may release emotions that partners cannot handle. To help minimize this possibility, Malone warns against too much sharing of emotions and especially against misusing openness as a guise for hostility. He also suggests the course for stable couples only—though such couples would seem the least likely customers for it.



SOUTH CAROLINA FARM FAMILY



MANHATTAN CHARITY BALL

A cultural function to perform.

of poverty. One of the most important is the job market that it creates for penologists, criminologists, social workers, public health workers, crusading journalists and OEO paraprofessionals. In other words, Gans suggests, many people who are presumably fighting poverty actually profit from it. Besides, the poor "support medical innovation" as patients in teaching and research hospitals, and they constitute "a labor pool that is willing—or, rather, unable to be unwilling—to perform dirty work at low cost." Poor people "prolong the economic usefulness" of day-old bread, secondhand clothes and cars and deteriorated buildings; they also provide income for incompetent doctors, lawyers and teachers who might otherwise be an economic drain on society.

Among the social functions performed by poverty, says Gans, is the guarantee of status to the non-poor. The working class needs the poor to look down on; the aristocracy, by busying itself with settlement houses and charity balls, justifies its existence and proves its supe-

spendthrift, dishonest and promiscuous."

Despite his novel theory, Gans does not consider poverty a permanent fixture of society. It will last, he believes, only until alternatives are found. What are those alternatives? Gans suggests that social workers could counsel the rich; policemen could concentrate on traffic and organized crime; entertainers, hippies and adolescents could be given a bigger scapegoat role than they already have. But most solutions—like paying menial workers higher wages—would cause the affluent both fiscal and psychological pain. As a result, Gans concludes, poverty may disappear only "when the powerless can obtain enough power to change society."

Do-It-Yourself Encounter

In quest of emotional closeness, the couple took off most of their clothes and listened respectfully to the voice coming from their record player: "Take turns listening to the insides of each other's stomachs," it counseled. The voice

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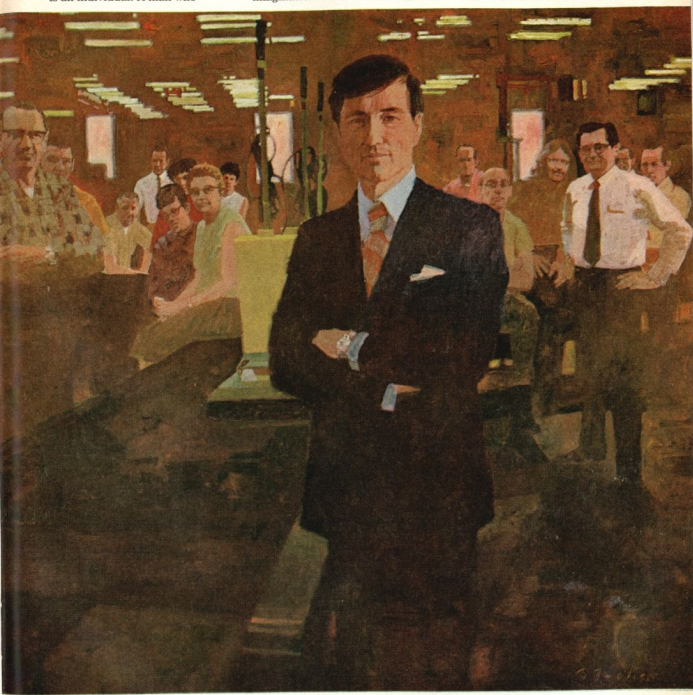
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MUSIC & DANCE

Music Man for the Met

The Metropolitan Opera is first and foremost a singers' house, or what the managers on 57th Street like to call a *bella voce* theater. Its basic operating premise is that what counts is glorious singing. The only trouble is that no amount of fine vocalizing will make an opera like *Otello* or *Wozzeck* work without a steady, compelling baton on the podium. Yet it is difficult to get, let alone keep, good conductors in a house where singing stars have virtual veto power over their maestros. As a result, good conducting has been almost as elusive at the Met as good ballet.

Now all that seems to be changing. In the same week that retiring General Manager Rudolf Bing was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, his chosen successor Goeran Gentele (TIME, Dec. 21, 1970) announced that Conductor Rafael Kubelik would join him at the Met (in 1973-74) as the first music director in the company's 88-year history. Both the job and the man are sure to have a great effect on the Met's future. The new music director will have an equal voice in every phase of the Met's artistic operations.

Kubelik was born in 1914 near Prague. He first caught the public eye as piano accompanist for his father Jan Kubelik, the noted Czech violinist, but he comes to his present job after international success as a guest conductor and a long career as a music director of the Czech Philharmonic, the Brno Opera House, Britain's Royal Opera House at Covent Garden and, most recently, the Bavarian Radio Symphony in Munich.

As Kubelik's many Deutsche Grammophon recordings (notably Janáček and Mahler) show, he has brought the Bavarian orchestra to unprecedented polish by combining a Bohemian exuberance with the best kind of Germanic restraint and architectural proportion. Both should be most useful at the Met.

Classic Achieved

*O body swayed to music, O brightening glance,
How can we know the dancer from the dance?*

Yeats' oft-quoted couplet sums up the ideal of ballet—the ideal so rarely achieved. And no wonder. Classical dance is at once the most sensuous and the most abstract of the theatrical arts. Its essence is the interaction of music with the movement of male and female bodies—the erotic impulse styled and formalized by discipline

and grace and shaped to a unified whole.

Seldom have these ingredients been brought together in such perfect balance as in the New York City Ballet's new instant masterpiece, Choreographer Jerome Robbins' *The Goldberg Variations*. The unpectacular title refers to the music that both inspired and accompanied the work: the 30 variations based on a theme from the *Anna Magdalena Piano-book* composed by Johann Sebastian Bach in 1742. Just as Bach's music constitutes a lifetime lesson in keyboard knowledge, Robbins' variations in motion add up to a passionate yet restrained encyclopedia of dance. *The Goldberg Variations*, which has been made part of



ROBBINS REHEARSING McBRIDE IN "VARIATIONS"
Reading passion between the lines.

the City Ballet's repertoire, is a collaboration that transcends the centuries, a joint work of art as remarkable as the flawless translation of a great poem.

The ballet begins in darkness. A pianist (Gordon Beelzner) sounds the delicate, unobtrusive theme upon which Bach built his variations. Onstage, as the curtain rises, are a couple (Michael Steele and Renee Estópinal) in period attire: he in black frock coat and breeches, she in a white bell-shaped dress. Their movements together are as much mime as dance: a conversation of courtly gestures, expressed more by arm and hand than by the deceptively easy steps that subtly accent Bach's limpid line.

This opening dance—low-keyed, understated, elegant—is followed, without a pause, by a dazzling choreographic sequence of episodes that sometimes deliberately echo each other, but never quite repeat. There is no story line,

only a progression from simplicity to sumptuousness, from youth to maturity. In the early variations, which have about them an air of soft, bucolic wonderment, the dancers appear in pastel-shaded practice clothes. In the final scenes, which call upon the full resources of the huge cast (49 in all), they are resplendent in Baroque dress.

The Goldberg Variations runs unbroken for 80 minutes—one of the longest nonstory ballets ever produced. It demands, and successfully commands, total attention through sheer mastery of what choreography can create for the human body to perform. Time and again Robbins presents familiar patterns and movements that somehow give the impression that they have never been danced before. Time and again the dances add nuanced dimensions to the music in much the same way that a first-rate pianist will do by playing it.

With a less skillful choreographer, or a less disciplined troupe, Bach's music might have inspired little more than energetic exercise or personified precision. Robbins has caught the passion that underlies Bach's formal rhythms, notably in the serpentine, body-entangling duets of Patricia McBride and Helgi Tomasson, which are to the sophisticated eye more erotic than anything in *Oh, Calcutta!* Small human touches abound: John Clifford, as the leader of a group, suddenly stands motionless in seeming awe as dancers twirl and leap around him; an acrobatic quartet of male dancers cartwheels and somersaults like refugees from the Moiseyev Dance Company. Robbins, however, never loses the architectural contour of the piece. More often than not, soloists are displayed, not for and by themselves, but in relationship to other dancers.

Almost inevitably, *The Goldberg Variations* invites comparison with Robbins' *Dances at a Gathering*, another lengthy "pure" ballet that was set to some piano pieces by Chopin. Robbins himself refuses to play the game. "I am not in a contest with anything," he says, and insists that it was only by chance that his last two major ballets were both inspired by keyboard works. Clearly, though, *Dances* is in every sense a Romantic work—open, playful, exuberant, instantly approachable. *Variations* is far more formal and classic, and far more demanding as well.

Robbins was inspired by his choreography by a concert of Pianist Rosalyn Turek. "I felt when I first heard her play the *Variations*," he says, "that it was a journey, a trip, that it took you in a tremendous arc through a whole cycle of life and then, as it were, back to the beginning." The words apply not only to the music, but to the ballet that Robbins created.

■ John T. Elson



PAN AM'S PLANE MATE



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MODERN LIVING

Curing Terminal Fatigue

Over the loudspeaker in the Pan American terminal at New York City's John F. Kennedy Airport comes word that Flight 92 is now ready to board passengers. Obediently, the ticket holders gather their flight bags and file through the appropriate gate. Instead of finding themselves aboard an airplane, however, the bewildered travelers discover that they have entered what seems to be another waiting lounge, complete with upholstered blue seats and the soothing strains of recorded music. What ever happened to Flight 92 and faraway places? The doors finally close, and up front a dashing costumed pilot checks the banks of lights on a complex control panel and starts an engine. That brings an even greater surprise: with a muffled groan, the entire room ponderously backs up, turns around and trundles off at the less than jet-age speed of 10 m.p.h. Gradually, it dawns on the occupants that they are in the clutches of a "Plane Mate," one of the three elevated mobile lounges that now carry passengers comfortably from Pan Am's ticketing area to gentle dockings with airliners parked on runways far from the terminal.

As anachronistic as they seem, Plane

Mates® represent just one more way in which airlines are attempting to ease the physical strain on air travelers at large airports, where the distances between ticket counters and loading gates (and between parking lots and terminal buildings) have grown to exhausting extremes. Negotiating that distance—especially for late arrivals who must carry their luggage directly to the loading gate, usually on the dead run—is a traumatic experience that is disenchanted increasing numbers of air travelers. At J.F.K., passengers may have to walk as far as 1,130 feet to reach their departure gate (see box).

Moving Sidewalks. Baggage-laden passengers arriving at Cleveland's Hopkins International Airport 15 minutes before flight time, for example, stand a good chance of missing their plane if it is scheduled to depart from a distant gate in the new South Concourse wing. To carry the aged and infirm down that seemingly endless corridor, Hopkins International has put into service a small fleet of motorized carts.

Another kind of cart carries passengers from check-in counters to aircraft loading areas at Tampa's shiny

* Actually a newer version of mobile lounges that have operated since 1962 at Washington's Dulles International Airport.



HORIZONTAL ELEVATORS AT TAMPA

Plenty of safety poles.

new \$80 million terminal. Called "horizontal elevators," these conveyances run on rubber wheels, have no seats but offer plenty of vertical safety poles to cling to, and are designed to operate smoothly for the benefit of the large percentage of elderly riders in the Tampa-St. Petersburg area. Municipal airports in Dallas, San Francisco and Los Angeles have built moving sidewalks—conveyor belts that transport passengers to loading areas; in Los Angeles, for example, they save about 420 ft. of walking. Prosaic buses haul passengers from terminal to aircraft at Atlanta and Honolulu airports, among others. The Hawaiian version consists of pint-sized *wiki wiki* (hurry hurry) vehicles that play taped Hawaiian music and broadcast advice on where to rent cars and find free pineapple juice.

Airport officials are also seeking to alleviate another bane of the jet traveler, the vast distances between outlying parking lots and terminal buildings. To link a new and distant parking area to its sprawling terminal, Chicago's O'Hare International Airport may install moving sidewalks. One Dallas parking lot is already connected to the

Walking Distances at U.S. Airports

A GROUP of transportation experts took the first steps toward making the public aware of airport walking distances by publishing in 1967 a survey entitled "Air Transportation 1975 and Beyond." While distances

have since increased somewhat at several airports, the general pattern remains accurate. The surveyors measured from curbside to aircraft and found these dismaying results (1 mile = 5,280 ft.):

	Walking Distance to Farthest Gate	Maximum Walking Distance Between Airlines
O'Hare, Chicago	1,735 ft.	4,720 ft.
J.F.K., New York	1,130	7,780
Los Angeles International	1,020	6,640
Atlanta	1,730	2,680
San Francisco International	1,300	3,500
Dallas	1,650	1,990
Miami	1,120	3,290
Detroit	1,150	4,280
Dulles (using mobile lounges)	600	600



Chances are he'll never have one too many.

The reason is simple.

He was brought up by parents who taught him that, when he reaches the legal drinking age, a drink enjoyed socially is fine. As long as it's enjoyed sensibly. In moderation.

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When they see that you yourself follow the principles you set down, you've actually told them a lot more.

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terminal by Braniff's "Fastpark Jetrail," a passenger-carrying monorail. Los Angeles is planning an air-cushion vehicle route that by 1973 will link L.A. International Airport and a huge parking space 16 miles away, at the juncture of the San Diego and Ventura freeways. By 1980, air-cushion vehicles will connect Los Angeles with the 18,000-acre airport complex scheduled to be built at Palmdale, 65 miles north of the city.

More Power to the Candle

The powers of candlelight have long been part of Everywoman's arsenal. Beauty or not, she always looks loveliest in the warm glow thrown off by wax tapers gleaming over a banquet table or on a banquet in a quiet bistro. Largely because of this candelabrada, candles continued to sell at a respectable pace long after the rural-electrification program brought light bulbs into the most remote corners of the U.S. In recent months, however, Americans have gone on a candle-buying spree, spurred on by necessity, a changing national mood and by new candle shops stocked with imaginatively shaped and scented products.

Many residents of large cities afflicted by increasingly frequent blackouts are busily stocking candles in anticipation of summer power failures. But there are less practical reasons for the candle resurgence. "It's the *Love Story* factor," says Bob Scaringis, owner of Manhattan's newly opened Bailiwick candle shop. "You know, the return to romance and sensitivity, a return to basic sanity." Bailiwick's bewildering variety of candles also helps bring in customers. In addition to the plain-Jane 25¢ blackout specials, the store sells candles shaped like dodo birds, penguins, onions, eggs, baskets of blueberries, footballs and, at \$40, the leaning tower of Pisa.

Chocolate Kisses. Not to be outdone by the East Coast, Californians are turning to even farther-out candles. In Los Angeles, a firm called Control Tower offers candles in the form of slabs of Swiss cheese, bricks of marijuana, candied apples, chocolate kisses labelled "Kiss, Kiss," Popsicles (in the familiar wrapper) and giant crayons. The Candlestick in San Francisco sells elaborate, waxy and scented constructions. In fact, smell is big all over. Chicago's Cooper, Inc., offers chocolate, vanilla, and other food odors, and reports that Gold Coast matrons happily pay \$25 for a French-made candle that gives off a scent of cypress.

Cooper also handles another popular item, the refillable candle. One fast seller is an \$18 sculptured bird standing on wrought-iron feet. Everything burns but the feet. San Francisco's Candles to Burn features sand-cast candles in the form of owls and mushrooms that can be refilled when the candle inside has burned itself out.



THE SCARINGIS AT BAILIWICK SHOP
Romance and sanity.

In fact, interest in candles seems to run highest among the hipper young, imbued as they are with the back-to-nature ethic. A favorite at Reflections, located in Manhattan's Greenwich Village, is a nine-inch replica of President Nixon billed as: "The Melting of the President," or "Now You Can Own the Most-Talked-About Bust in Years: Drippy Dick." For those with positive sentiments about peace, Chicago's Jack B Nimble sells candle peace symbols at \$2.50 and the word peace in candle block letters for \$6. Even more pacifist is a *Venus de Milo* candle for \$3.95—it's guaranteed to be 'armless.



NIXON IN WAX
Penguins and onions.

MILESTONES

Married. Tricia Nixon, 25, daughter of the President; and Edward Finch Cox, 24 (see THE NATION).

Married. Hayley Mills, 25, dimpled Disney child star who won a special Oscar for her 1960 performance in *Polyanna*; and Roy Boulting, 57, British producer-director and Hayley's longtime chum; she for the first time, he for the fourth; in *Cap-d'Ail*, France.

Died. J.I. Rodale, 72, organic-food advocate and magazine publisher; of a heart attack suffered while taping the *Dick Cavett Show*; in Manhattan. "I'm going to live to be 100 unless I'm run down by a sugar-crazed taxi driver," quipped Rodale, a millionaire who followed his own advice: avoid refined white sugar and eat only pure foods. It was by disseminating that counsel in such Rodale Press magazines as *Prevention* (circ. 1,025,000) and *Organic Gardening and Farming* (circ. 725,800) that the energetic popularizer of sunflower seeds became a hero of the natural-foods movement. A versatile businessman, Rodale was a partner in an electrical-equipment firm in the early '40s when he started his crusade against food additives, chemical fertilizers and pesticides. He also wrote and produced several plays on the health-ecology theme that flopped off-Broadway.

Died. Leo Burnett, 79, master advertising man whose agency's brainchildren include the Marlboro man and the Jolly Green Giant (see BUSINESS).

Died. Arnoldo Mondadori, 81, founder of Italy's largest publishing house; of kidney disease; in Milan. The son of an illiterate shopkeeper, Mondadori went to work as a printer's apprentice at 17 and ultimately bought out his employer. He then published cowboy stories, whodunits, comic books and greeting cards. One of Italy's leading picture magazines, *Epoca*, and *Panorama*, a newsmagazine, were also Mondadori products. His books include the first Italian translations of such writers as John Steinbeck and Ernest Hemingway.

Died. Alvin Johnson, 96, a founder and longtime head (1923-45) of Manhattan's New School for Social Research; of a stroke; in Upper Nyack, N.Y. A Nebraska farm boy who mastered Latin and Greek, Johnson went on to teach economics at eight universities and join Walter Lippmann as one of the first editors of the *New Republic*. In 1919, along with such other intellectual rebels as Historian Charles Beard and Philosopher John Dewey, he established the New School. As director of the free-form institution, Johnson set up a "University in Exile" that offered haven to more than 150 scholars who fled from Hitler.

1971.

We saw it coming ten years ago.

Back in 1961 we saw that overcrowded roads were going to get even more overcrowded. That driving problems could only get worse. That's why our engineers decided to add a new SAAB to our line. A car that could handle all the problems we saw coming; the SAAB 99.

The SAAB 99 has features that other cars are just beginning to change to. We've had front wheel drive and rack and pinion steering in our SAABs for 22 years. And they perform the way they should. They make the 99 a better handling, quicker reacting car. We're happy that other manufacturers are finally including these better systems in their new models. But we're happier that we've had a head start of 22 years experience with them.

Just like we've had time to perfect our unique dual diagonal braking

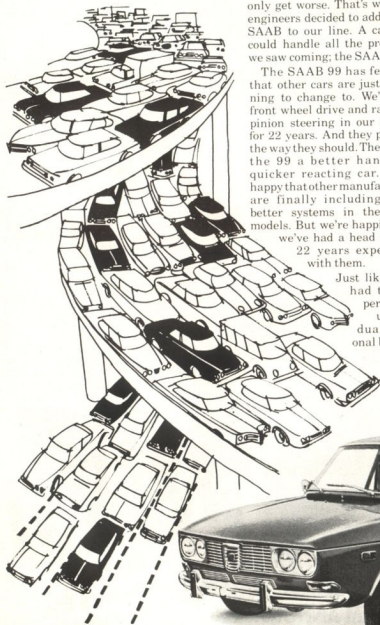


system. Someday, you may find it on other cars, because it's a fail-safe way of stopping straight. But in the meantime, the only place you'll be able to find it is on the well-built Swede.

Proven features, perfected from earlier SAABs, plus a lot of new ideas, is how we designed the 99. An idea like flow-through ventilation that changes the air in the car every 30 seconds. And an idea like our electronic fuel injection system that lets the engine operate at peak efficiency and cuts down harmful emissions. We've had this system for two years in the 99E. American cars have yet to develop a similar system of pollution control that does not interfere with engine performance.

If other car manufacturers are finally realizing they need what we've always had, you can understand why we say that now, you need us.

The Well-built Swede
SAAB
Now, you need us.



Overseas delivery plan available.

BUSINESS

Flying the Cheap Way to Europe

AMERICA'S annual tourist pilgrimage to Europe swings into high gear this week, and it will be bigger than ever—by far. One reason: a brushfire price war has broken out among the airlines. They have cut the price of flights for "youngsters" aged twelve to 26—and for "students" as old as 29—by more than 50% below the normal summertime economy fare. Under some circumstances it will now cost only \$16 more to fly from the West Coast to Europe than to New York City. The price war is also bringing fares down to the level of those charged by the charter airlines. In response, at least one major charter carrier is planning to offer \$100 round-trip flights from London to New York for "senior citizens"; the age limits are still uncertain.

The cutting started two weeks ago when the Belgian government ordered its state-controlled Sabena airlines to adopt a new "student fare" of \$220 round trip between New York and Brussels. The action, an ingenious ploy to lure passengers to Sabena, has brought price competition to the cartelized International Air Transport Association. Like all members of IATA, Sabena is not normally permitted to raise or lower fares unilaterally—except in response to government orders. The rules also permit other airlines that fly the same routes to adopt similar prices in order to compete. Pan Am, the only U.S. carrier with direct service to Brussels, quickly followed Sabena and set an identical rate. Then the French government, fearing that the Belgian action would divert Paris-bound Americans to Brussels, promptly ordered Air France to introduce a \$220 New

York-Paris round-trip fare. This in turn permitted TWA, which flies into Paris, to do the same.

By week's end chiefs of most major European air carriers were imploring their governments to "order" new low fares. British Overseas Airways Corp. won approval of a \$210 round trip between New York and London. Italy's Alitalia set a \$199 New York to Rome round trip—887 miles farther than London—for \$11 less. And Air France expanded the war to the West Coast by announcing a \$362 round-trip fare from Los Angeles to Paris.

Student of What? On some carriers, even passengers under 26 years old have to be students in order to qualify for the bargains. But who is a student? Do only high school and university students make the grade, or can trainee hairdressers get the low rates as well? Not even the airlines know for sure.

An effort to make sense out of the great rate confusion will be made when the 108 IATA members meet in Montreal later this month to debate changes in all air fares. Though the price fight is already helping to fill the excess capacity created by the jumbo jets, the brutal competition could undermine the ability of IATA to protect its members from undercutting each other right out of business. Airline executives fear precisely that—particularly if the price war spreads to adult passenger fares as well. At week's end, some major airlines set plans for \$200 round-trips from the East Coast for travelers of any age. Says Guido Vittori, Alitalia's general manager for North America: "Once a war like this is started, who knows where it will end?"

Among those most anxious to see it end quickly are leaders of the non-scheduled airlines that are the backbone of the charter-flight business. Last year nearly 20% of all transatlantic passengers traveled on charter flights. Now, with the Viet Nam War grinding down and with Government contracts to ferry G.I.s being scrubbed, charter carriers are facing overcapacity. Meanwhile, the charters' competitive advantage in the form of lower fares to Europe has evaporated—at least as far as youngsters are concerned.

But while the charter lines and scheduled carriers face some rough times, Europe's hoteliers and restaurateurs are beginning to dance to the tune of jingling cash registers. The Continent is likely to be so crowded with the beard-and-blue-jeans set this summer that many tourists will have to camp out in the parks, plazas and piazzas.

INDUSTRY

Running Down Overruns

Defense contractors have often been accused of playing fast and loose with the public's money by bidding low for a new project and later billing the Pentagon for enormous cost overruns. But now the financial tribulations of Lockheed (see following story), which has been directed by Congress to swallow some \$200 million in cost overruns, has convinced other contractors that they had better spot and announce excess costs well in advance of production. Last week the top echelon of the Pentagon was debating the future of a major new weapons system after its builder informed the Navy that the con-

BARGAIN ADS & YOUNG PASSENGERS AT NEW YORK'S KENNEDY AIRPORT

AIR FRANCE PHOTO

A group of young people, mostly teenagers and young adults, are posing for a photo at New York's Kennedy Airport. They are holding up signs that announce low fares from three major airlines. The signs are as follows:

- AIR FRANCE ANNOUNCES A NEW FARE FOR 15 TO 25 YEAR-OLDS. ONLY \$200* ROUND-TRIP**
- BOAC announces the \$190 round-trip youth fare to 10 cities**
- PAN AM ANNOUNCES EUROPE FOR \$105.**

The young people are smiling and looking towards the camera. In the background, there is a sign for "Inter-nation car-rental" and "Inter-nation travel".



GRUMMAN'S EVANS



NAVY'S NEW F-14



PENTAGON'S PACKARD

tract was no longer economically feasible.

The contractor was Long Island's Grumman Aerospace Corp., builder of the Navy's long-awaited F-14 fighter, a swing-wing Mach 3 jet that is designed to waylay any enemy missile-armed bombers sent to attack American ships. In 1969, the Pentagon awarded Grumman a contract to build 722 of the planes, figuring to pay \$11.5 million for each of them, or \$8.3 billion for the lot. But last April, a Grumman official formally announced to Navy headquarters that it had become "commercially impracticable" for his company to construct more than the 38 planes that it is contractually committed to build. By the Pentagon's estimate, the real costs of producing each of the remaining planes in the order would be anywhere from \$1 million to \$3 million more than the contract price—a staggering total of \$684 million to more than \$2 billion. The reasons for the overrun, says Grumman President Llewellyn J. Evans, are the high rate of inflation since the original agreement was drawn up and a reduction in the company's other defense business, which has raised overhead costs for remaining projects. As it is, Evans figures that Grumman will make little or no profit on the first 38 planes, although they have cost the Navy some \$800 million, including design and tests.

Hot Rage. The news sent Deputy Defense Secretary David Packard, the Pentagon's procurement administrator, into a hot rage. He was angered at Grumman for not putting up danger signals earlier, though Evans says that he "outlined" his cost problems to Navy officials as far back as September 1969. Behind closed doors in his E-ring Pentagon office, Packard repeatedly chewed out Navy brass for failing to give him early warnings of Grumman's troubles. Some of the officers present during these sessions later called Packard "unreasonable." One result of the mess is that Vice Admiral Thomas F. Connolly, the Navy's air-operations chief, faces early retirement. Packard, too, may be tiring of his Washington job. He seems eager to decamp for his California ranch.

More important is the questionable future of the F-14. Costs aside, production of the fighter fell six to nine months behind schedule after a hydraulic-system failure caused the first prototype to crash last Dec. 30. Though company designers are convinced that the defect has been corrected, the plane has also been hampered by delays in development of its advanced-model Pratt & Whitney engine. An influential group of Congressmen has urged the Pentagon to scrap plans for any new fighters and concentrate instead on updating McDonnell-Douglas' widely acclaimed F-4 Phantom. At one point last week, reports TIME Pentagon Correspondent John Mulliken, the Navy's command was certain that Packard had decided to scuttle the F-14.

More for Less. Packard was then confronted by top Navy officials, including Admiral Elmo R. ("Bud") Zumwalt Jr., Chief of Naval Operations, who is an uncompromising defender of the F-14. Zumwalt argued that the new fighter is essential to U.S. sea defense because 1) it is a launching platform for the Navy's air-to-air Phoenix missile, the key to future fleet protection against enemy aircraft, and 2) no other Navy plane will be a match for the Soviets' newest interceptor, the MIG-23 Foxbat. In addition, Navy men point out, advanced models of the F-14 will use the same engine as the Air Force's F-15 fighter, which is being built by McDonnell-Douglas. Thus, cancellation of one craft might well price the other out of reach. A decision on whether or not to go ahead with the F-14 is due this week, when the military procurement bill reaches the House floor. F. Edward Hébert, Armed Services Committee chairman, has promised to offer amendments to the bill as recommended by a forthcoming Pentagon report on the F-14. The report will almost certainly urge a drawn-out production schedule, providing fewer planes than the Navy would like and at higher costs than originally projected. Whether Hébert and Packard will abide by Grumman's final cost estimates is still open to question. If no deal can be worked out,

says Grumman's Evans, "we should turn it off and get out of here." Any attempt by Grumman to abandon its contract might well result in a lengthy court battle with the Government.

Milestone Formula. The F-14 controversy highlights anew the gathering crisis in defense industries. The weapons builders are extremely vulnerable to the decline in defense procurements and the nation's growing disenchantment with the military. Grumman, long noted as a well-run company, apparently could not foresee some of its problems. To illustrate the cost imponderables, President Evans recently phoned a friend who is a General Motors officer and asked how much a car comparable to his new \$4,200 Chevrolet Impala will cost in 1978, the year that Grumman's F-14 contract is supposed to end. The answer: between \$8,100 and \$8,900.

To reduce the margin for error by both the Pentagon and its contractors, Packard has devised a procurement plan that follows the "milestone" formula, under which some projects are being developed in coordinated stages. Plans would call for the engine and airframe of a new plane to reach certain "milestones" of development within stated periods of time. Production, the final milestone, would be ordered only after many other testing and prototype stages have been successfully completed, each under a separate and relatively short-term contract. Other plans specifying even more discrete stages of the funding and development of new hardware are also being discussed. Whatever the final answer, the Pentagon must make drastic changes in order to restore the confidence of both the public and, increasingly, its own contractors.

Against a Lockheed Precedent

Deputy Defense Secretary David Packard went before the Senate Banking Committee last week to testify in favor of the Nixon Administration plan for the Government to guarantee \$250 million in loans for Lockheed Aircraft Corp., a sum that would allow Lockheed to complete development of the huge L-1011 TriStar commercial jet

and, indeed, could save the whole company. Though Packard dutifully endorsed the idea, his testimony badly damaged its chances in Congress. Fully mindful that other money-losing defense contractors might seek similar Government aid, he warned the Senate Banking Committee against setting the "precedent" of helping "any company that gets into trouble."

The Pentagon's No. 2 man argued lukewarmly that the potential loss of jobs should make Lockheed a special case. But he insisted that if Lockheed went under, the Pentagon would face merely "troublesome" problems rather than a "disaster." Moreover, he estimated that Lockheed must sell "substantially over 300" TriStars to break even, rather than the maximum of 265 projected by the company.

Chiefs of competing aerospace firms are already eying Lockheed as a prospective carcass, deciding just which of its parts and programs would be attractive acquisitions for their own corporations. At least one competitor may have gone even further. According to Senator William Proxmire, McDonnell-Douglas has hinted that it might indemnify three airlines that have ordered Lockheed's TriStar against any down-payment losses—provided they switch their orders to the McDonnell-Douglas DC-10.

MARKETING

The Freeze That Pleases

The first hot breath of summer is upon the land, and with it has come a perennially deepening dementia that turns otherwise lucid adults into drooling, lip-smacking lunatics, children into chocolate-mustachioed gluttons and family dogs into insatiable beggars. This year, more than ever before, they all scream for ice cream.

Americans have always been afflicted with ice-creamania. Their per capita consumption, currently at 30 pints a year and still counting, has traditionally led the world. Though the invention of ice cream is usually credited to the Emperor Nero,* it was the U.S. that gave mankind the ice cream cone and the soda. Now there are signs of a fundamental shift in the frozen foundations of the Republic: Americans are beginning to turn a cold shoulder to the three pillars of their forefathers' frigid faith—chocolate, strawberry and vanilla—and flocking to flagrantly concupiscent flavors like Passion Fruit, Kumquat, Papaya, Sparkling Burgundy and Brandy Alexander.

Consummate Concoctions. Leading the gallop to gloppiness is Baskin-Robbins, a California-based franchise chain with 552 million in annual sales (up 30% from 1969) and more than 900 ice cream stores sprinkled across the



ROBBINS WORKING BURBANK COUNTER
Inn of the 31st gloppiness.

country. The company is the nation's largest take-out chain specializing in "hard" ice cream; it sells more of the stuff than even Howard Johnson's, where, it is commonly said, the ice cream comes in 28 flavors and the food comes in one.

It is because of its flavors that Baskin-Robbins is unsurpassed. The company's polka-dotted pleasure palaces offer 31 constantly changing tastes. Right now, for example, ice cream cravers can commit caloric immolation with Blueberries 'n Cream, Pink Bubble Gum and Boysenberry Cheesecake. There is a newly consummated marriage of Bananas 'n

Strawberries, a tangerine-vanilla merger called Tanagerilla, plus the usual array of popular holdovers from months past: Caramel Rocky Road, German Chocolate Cake and Pistachio Almond Fudge, among others.

Baskin-Robbins concocts hundreds of new flavors a year at its gleaming research laboratory in beautiful uptown Burbank, Calif. But only eight or nine a year ever make it to the market. The rest are shot down by the company's discriminating marketing specialists or its finger-in-the-wind president, Irvine Robbins. "We don't sell ice cream," he philosophizes. "We sell fun."

Robbins began merchandising mirth in 1949, after he and his late brother-in-law, Burt Baskin, sold their separate dairy-store chains and began manufacturing ice cream. Their creamy dreams had begun in the New Hebrides, where Baskin was in charge of a Navy PX during World War II. He traded a Jeep to the supply officer of a visiting aircraft carrier in exchange for a big ice cream freezer and set about mixing some of the exotic local fruits into precedent-setting flavors.

Today Robbins encourages the same kind of entrepreneurial experimentation. As part of their three-week training program, fledgling district sales representatives are asked to concoct a new flavor. Robbins even turned TIME's Michael Creeden loose in the lab last week. The reporter mixed print-stock-white vanilla with letter-size bits of black chocolate and a ribbon of magazine-border-red strawberry to produce a flavor called Stop the Presses.

Cryogenic Euphoria. Unlike other successful ice cream chains, Baskin-Robbins has resisted the temptation to branch out into other foods. "It's one of the best franchises in the world," attests Morton Cohen, who owns a Baskin-Robbins store in Manhattan. "We don't sell cigarettes, sandwiches or coffee. This is what makes it a clean, old-fashioned ice cream place. We don't want tables for kids to hang around all day. Adults love to come to a store like this." But when they do, they often have in tow hungry tots bent on a bedtime snack.

Ice Cream Cohen, like other B.R. owners, had to put up about \$30,000 for his franchise. His store sells upwards of \$100,000 a year in one-scoop (25¢) and two-scoop (45¢) cones, hand-packed cartons (75¢ a pint) and other goodies.

Some Baskin-Robbins ice creams contain as much as 20% butterfat—double the federal minimum—and all are made with fresh cream and no preservatives. "A whole generation is starved for good ice cream," Robbins notes. "They have had plenty of ice

Calorie Count

Most ice cream connoisseurs ponder long and hard over what flavor to choose. For those who also stop to consider the caloric implications of their decision, Baskin-Robbins offers the following guide to the dietetic damage potential of twelve glop favorites. The calorie counts are for a single scoop, with a sugar cone; multiple dips, naturally, come to munch, munch more.

Chocolate Fudge	229
French Vanilla	217
Rocky Road	204
Here Come Da Fudge	202
Butter Pecan	195
Jamoca Almond Fudge	190
Chocolate Mint	189
Jamoca	182
Fresh Strawberry	168
Fresh Peach	165
Mango Sherbet	132
Banana Daiquiri Ice	129

* Who in the 1st century A.D. sent runners into the Apennines to fetch mountain snow, which he then flavored with honey and fruit.

A black and white photograph of a man in a light-colored shirt leaning over a large, dark table. He is looking down at the table with a focused expression. His hands are resting on the table surface. In the background, there are rows of dark filing cabinets, suggesting a large office or archive space. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and shadows.

Kodak

Microfilm eliminates the filing squeeze.

Why fight the battle of the file room when one compact 10-drawer microfilm cabinet can hold as many records as 540 standard 4-drawer filing cabinets? (That's like gaining space for thirteen 10' x 12' offices!) Fact is, just one roll of microfilm can hold more than 6,000 letter-size records. And look-up on a microfilm reader is fast and easy.

Your Kodak microfilm systems expert can show you all the advantages of filing small. Call him or write Eastman Kodak Company, Business Systems Markets Division, Dept. DP681, Rochester, New York 14650.



Kodak Microfilm Systems

cream of a sort, the cheap stuff sold in supermarkets, but it wasn't fun ice cream." By rapidly rotating his flavors, Robbins hopes to create a nationwide cryogenic euphoria. Only once has he erred. Goody Goody Gumdrops, with tiny gumdrops blended into tutti-frutti-flavor ice cream, was invented in 1965. But the gumdrops kept freezing solid. "When people bit into it," Robbins recalls, "it was like biting a rock. That was the only flavor we had to drop. We were afraid someone would break a tooth."

ADVERTISING

Ultimate Prohibition

Exited from TV screens in the U.S., cigarette advertising now faces the ultimate prohibition in Canada. Last week the government in Ottawa introduced a bill that would end all cigarette ads in that country beginning next Jan. 1. The bill is certain to pass.

The ban would go beyond broadcasting to embrace Canadian newspapers, magazines and billboards. In addition, each cigarette package would have to carry the tar and nicotine level of its contents and the admonition, "Warning: Danger to health increases with amount smoked. Avoid inhaling." Every cigarette must have a ring printed around it near the middle to caution the smoker that if he puffs beyond that point, he will get increased concentrations of tar and nicotine.

The proposal would also give the government authority to set standards for tar and nicotine content. As a result, say industry officials, the expected strict requirements could make Canadian cigarettes "tasteless" and encourage bootlegged imports from the U.S. For all their complaints, tobacco men are highly unlikely to violate the law. Anyone who does will face a maximum fine of \$100,000 or five years in jail—or both.

Leo the Lion

He was a short, stout, balding, rumpled, plain-speaking man who viewed the world through black-rimmed bifocals and generally liked what he saw. He was, in brief, the antithesis of the popular conception of the sleek, cynical advertising man. Yet when Leo Burnett died at 79 after a heart attack last week, he was one of the ad world's giants. Along with a handful of others—Bruce Barton, Albert Lasker and Stanley Resor—Burnett was an American original who brought a distinctive viewpoint to the often imitative business of mass persuasion.

Love the Product. At his death, his Chicago-based Leo Burnett Co. was the world's fifth largest ad agency; it handled billings of \$389 million last year. It is by far the biggest agency west of the Hudson, and Burnett never felt the need for the creative flash of Manhattan. "Ideas don't know where they are born," he said. His own ideas were based on

keen appraisals of consumer wants and were often disarmingly wrapped in homilies. His agency created the Pillsbury Doughboy, as well as the Marlboro Man, the Jolly Green Giant, Star-Kist's Charlie the Tuna, Maytag's dependability campaigns, and the slogans "You're in good hands with Allstate," "When you're out of Schlitz, you're out of beer," and "Fly the friendly skies of United."

A perfectionist, perpetually unsatisfied editor, Burnett was inarticulate on the podium but superb on paper. Armed with a stubby black pencil, his hands and shirt often smudged with lead, he worked over copy until it passed his tough standards. His staff sometimes called him Leo the Lion—and not always affectionately. "I've seen him



BURNETT

Folksy offerings for all.

throw away campaigns that a client had accepted just because he had come up with a better idea," says Leonard Matthews, the agency's president. Burnett championed the "Chicago School of Advertising," which abhors slick promotions. He once told his staff: "We want the consumer to say 'That's a hell of a product' instead of 'That's a hell of an ad.'"

Stars and Apples. Burnett started out lettering advertising signs for his father's dry goods store in St. Johns, Mich. He became a police reporter for the *Peoria Journal*, later joined G.M. and rose to head Cadillac's ad department. In 1935 he borrowed against his insurance and mortgaged his house to get \$50,000 to start his own agency. Legend has it that Burnett worked from before dawn until after dark 364 days a year—and took Christmas morning off. He had put in several hours at his desk on the day he died.

In the gossamer realm of advertising, Burnett sometimes seemed too real to

be real. His own slogan, printed on all agency stationery, was "Reaching for the Stars." In 25 countries around the world, the agency's reception rooms always had big bowls of red apples—a small, folksy offering for all visitors. The unpretentiousness of Burnett's work may have provoked the scorn of some young admen, yet many in the agency field contend that his influence was a major force for reasonableness in advertising. Says veteran Adman Emerson Foote: "If there were more people like Leo, there would be no antiadvertising movement today."

Check That Claim

U.S. admen often tout their clients' products with such boasts as "lowest priced in its field," "recommended by more physicians," or "three times longer-wearing." Last week the Federal Trade Commission moved to check the claims. Prodded by Ralph Nader and other consumer advocates, the FTC decided that it will issue periodic orders to companies to submit proof of their ad pitches relating to safety, performance, efficiency, quality and comparative prices. The first orders are expected to go to auto companies, probably within three months, and the FTC later will focus on other big advertisers, industry by industry.

The commission will continue to wink at what it calls "traditionally accepted puffery"—for example, a manufacturer claiming that its product "tastes great!" But any advertiser who makes factually inaccurate or misleading claims will risk an FTC complaint order as well as bad publicity. The commission will make its findings public, and admen foresee many legal battles over FTC interpretations of truth and deception.

"We brought it on ourselves," says James Durfee, president of the Carl Ally agency. He predicts that advertising will now concentrate on "creating a good feeling" for the product instead of making specific claims. As a result, the consumer may get less product information. Grey Advertising President Edward Meyer takes a brighter view: "Now that the facts will be on file, people will be less skeptical about ads."

MONEY

Changing the Rules

One month after the latest international monetary crisis, Cabinet officers, legislators and bankers on both sides of the Atlantic are intensely debating a lengthening list of ideas for changing the global financial system. The discussion will heat up this week, first at a meeting in Basel of central bankers from the world's ten leading industrial nations, then at a gathering in Luxembourg of European Common Market ministers. All participants recognize that the makeshift measures that allayed the most recent crisis are not enough. Unless more fundamental changes are



THE MATADOR STATION WAGON

**HAS MORE TOTAL ROOM FOR YOUR LEGS, YOUR HEAD,
YOUR SHOULDERS AND YOUR HIPS THAN THE
CHEVELLE, TORINO, OLDS CUTLASS, PONTIAC
LE MANS, BUICK SPORTS WAGON AND MONTEGO.**

Recognizing that in station wagons, room for inanimate objects is also important, the Matador has more cargo room than most of the above-mentioned competition.

And we make it easy to get to, because the Matador has a dual hinged tailgate as standard equipment.

To lure you with the promise of further comfort, the Matador offers the longest wheelbase in the intermediate class, coil spring seats and a 4-wheel coil spring suspension.

Despite all this, even the most expensive model of the Matador is priced to compete with all of its intermediate-sized competition.

Anyway you look at it, the Matador Station Wagon doesn't put the squeeze on you.

American Motors 

begun, there will be a new upheaval—sooner rather than later.

The monetary system can move either toward greater rigidity, with spreading controls on the movement of capital, or toward greater flexibility, with more frequent shifts in the exchange rates of big-time currencies. Proposals are being made in both directions. Many of the discussions are as secret as sin, to prevent speculators from gaining fortunes after sniffing out future changes. As University of San Francisco Economist Frederick Breier says: "In the old days, two subjects were taboo: sex and exchange rates. The first taboo has been lifted, but the second should not be." Still, many details of the proposals have filtered out. A rundown on some of them, from most rigid to most flexible:

THE EUROCRATS' PLAN. The Commission of the European Common Market is plugging for its six member nations to

vent the price of their currencies from varying more than 1% above or below their official dollar values. Germany and The Netherlands are already letting the mark and guilder float—that is, find their own values based on supply and demand. Robert Roosa, former U.S. Treasury Under Secretary, proposes that IMF members let their currencies fluctuate perhaps 2½% above or below official value. Thus, small changes in the values of currencies could be made by the free market, and nations would not be forced into so many traumatic political decisions on formal devaluation or upward revaluation. Money speculation would also be riskier than it is now, because a speculator could lose up to 5% of the funds that he shifted into a currency that he thought would rise in price.

THE TRIFFIN PROPOSALS. Yale Professor Robert Triffin, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, would change

Germany and Japan, would not be able to go on piling up reserves. Once their hoards hit the top limit, they would have to stop selling their own currencies in exchange for dollars. Instead, they would have to let the value of their currencies rise by formal revaluation or through the operations of free trading. Deficit nations, such as the U.S., could not go on spending reserves in a battle to stave off devaluation. Once their reserves had fallen to the bottom limit, they would have to stay out of the exchange markets and let the value of their currencies fall.

THE FLOATING DOLLAR. Democratic Congressman Henry Reuss of Wisconsin two weeks ago introduced a "sense of Congress" resolution embodying the most radical ideas for reform. He would formally end the U.S. commitment to repurchase dollars from foreign central banks in exchange for gold at \$35 an ounce. That would finally kill the hollow U.S. boast that the dollar is as good as gold. The U.S. does not have enough gold left to buy back much more than half the dollars held in West Germany alone. Once the dollar is freed from gold, Reuss would let it float until it finds its true value relative to other currencies. He seems to assume that the dollar's value would decline. His resolution would have the U.S. compensate foreign nations for losses in the value of the dollars that they hold in official reserves. Floating of the dollar, the currency that has served as the standard of value for all other non-Communist money, would represent the ultimate in flexibility. Opponents of the idea fear it also would bring chaos, with no one knowing from day to day what any nation's money was worth.

The Connolly Block. One major deterrent to greater flexibility is the position of the Nixon Administration. TIME Washington Correspondent Lawrence Malkin reports that Treasury Secretary John Connally has taken charge of U.S. monetary policy and turned it back toward notions of "defending the dollar" at all costs. The Government has shifted its attention from reforming the monetary system to attacking trade problems. Connally argues that foreign discrimination against U.S. exports prevents the U.S. from selling enough to the rest of the world to cover its military, tourist and investment expenditures overseas. It is this discrimination, he says, that perpetuates the nation's balance of payment deficits.

A further lowering of trade barriers is indeed necessary. But the Washington line has two deficiencies. Connally has made no hint of reciprocal U.S. trade concessions, and Europeans resentfully interpret his talk as a challenge to start a knock-down fight on trade. Though trade is important, monetary reform is, too. Even in an ideal world of unrestricted trade, the present monetary system is too rigid and dated to stand unchanged.



put up barricades against foreign speculative money by adopting capital controls. A new report by the Commission, so far available only in French, proposes that foreigners should be charged for the privilege of depositing money in Common Market banks, instead of collecting interest on those deposits. The Commission also suggests a double standard for exchange rates, such as Belgium recently adopted, and West Germany is now considering for its super-strong mark. There would be one rate for "current" transactions (mostly export-import deals and tourist spending); another rate, presumably less favorable to foreigners, would cover loans, investments and other transactions. This would be financial isolationism with a vengeance, and the double-exchange-rate system sounds like an administrative monstrosity.

THE WIDER BAND. The mildest proposal put forward by advocates of flexibility is to scrap the International Monetary Fund requirement that nations must pre-

vent the price of their currencies from varying more than 1% above or below their official dollar values. Germany and The Netherlands are already letting the mark and guilder float—that is, find their own values based on supply and demand. Robert Roosa, former U.S. Treasury Under Secretary, proposes that IMF members let their currencies fluctuate perhaps 2½% above or below official value. Thus, small changes in the values of currencies could be made by the free market, and nations would not be forced into so many traumatic political decisions on formal devaluation or upward revaluation. Money speculation would also be riskier than it is now, because a speculator could lose up to 5% of the funds that he shifted into a currency that he thought would rise in price.

For the longer term, Triffin suggests that the IMF establish a range of official reserves that each member country could hold. Nations with huge balance of payments surpluses, such as

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CINEMA

Pierrots and Augustes

Robert Benchley once divided the world into two kinds of people: those who divide the world into two kinds of people and those who do not. Director Federico Fellini (*La Dolce Vita*, *Satyricon*) is firmly in the first category. In his new film, *The Clowns*, Fellini separates mankind into two classic species of fool: Pierrot and Auguste. Pierrot is the familiar circus clown in floppy white and conical hat, elegant and haughty. The clown Auguste is an eternal tramp, crumpled, drunken and rebellious.

No man escapes. Picasso and Einstein, says Fellini in a published excess of the film, are Augustes. Middle-class parents are Pierrots; their children Augustes. Hitler: a white clown. Musolini: an Auguste. Freud: a white clown. Jung: an Auguste.

Fellini's 14th film, like all of the maestro's visual operas, is a flamboyant search for self. This time he prowls the enchanted place of his youth, the circus, but the spectacle of childish memory is a specter to the mature man. The circus has changed or vanished, the clown acts are diminished beyond recognition.

But on a Fellini journey, reality is only a pebble in the shoe. He turns the world into his circus and, in a liberated, quasi-documentary style, resurrects some of history's great *pagliacci* with their cornucopia of practical jokes, smashed hats, pulled chairs, popping balloons and squirting flowers. Fellini's pre-tense is to restore the icons of his youth for the pleasure of today's children, but beyond the easy delights is a philosophy clearly aimed at adults.

From time to time, the camera breaks away from the center ring to inspect clowns in senescence, brittle little men who recall Falstaff's lament: "How ill white hairs become a fool." In the midst of unabashed gaiety, Fellini ushers in bit-

terness: an Italian lion tamer who trains his beasts in German because "it is the only human language that they understand." The film's zenith is a funeral staged *con brio*—the spectacular obsequies of a clown, his hearse drawn by men in horse suits, his widow a clown with pendulous breasts, the orator a grotesque who maligns the deceased (suffocated by an ostrich egg at the tender age of 200) as vile and worthless.

Here Fellini insists on the last laugh. If the human condition is a melancholy joke, he implies, then death is its punch line and hilarity the only proper response. The film maker pretends to have no "message" in *The Clowns*; when an actor asks him the meaning of his film, a bucket drops over the director's head in mid-reply. But absurdity itself is a commentary. It is also the perpetual delight of this indelible, grieving comedy in which the viewers, Pierrots and Augustes all, are the stars.

■ Stefan Kanfer

All in the Family

Big Jake is an inescapably likable John Wayne western. This time round, Big John plays a robustly aging paterfamilias who has been separated from his wife (who else but Maureen O'Hara?) to these 18 years. When a band of merciless marauders led by Richard Boone kidnaps Wayne's grandson and demands a million dollars ransom (in \$20 bills, please), Maureen swallows her pride and sends for the Duke. As soon as he shows up, both the child's safety and a predictable quality of brawny, easygoing entertainment are guaranteed.

In more than its plot, *Big Jake* is something of a family affair. The supporting cast includes such old Wayne cronies as Bruce Cabot and Harry Carey Jr. Cinematographer William Clothier has worked with Wayne at least half a dozen times before, and Director George Sherman guided Wayne through a series of two-reel westerns back in the early '30s. The film's producer is the Duke's oldest son, Michael, 36, and the air of reunion is reinforced by the presence on-screen of two other sons, John Ethan, 8, who appears as Jake's grandson, and Patrick Wayne, 31, who plays Jake's son. Patrick, in fact, spends most of his time either getting tossed into mud puddles or decked flat by his father. Freud might have wondered, but audiences are sure to love it.

■ Jayocks

Petrified Pretensions

Drive, He Said is a bush-league disaster that might have passed unnoticed, and perhaps unmade, but for the participation of Jack Nicholson. His much-touted performance in *Easy Rider* won him the chance to make a movie all most literally all his own: he collaborated



TEPPER IN "DRIVE, HE SAID"
A reputation is embarrassing.

on the scenario for *Drive, He Said*, then directed and co-produced it. While other fledgling directors would be allowed to fail in comparative privacy, Nicholson's reputation makes his failure agonizingly public.

Nominally about the spiritual agonies of a basketball star at a large university, the movie makes several elaborate feints at symbolism, then quickly collapses under the weight of its petrified pretensions. Nicholson seems to be after a kind of existential melodrama: the basketball player frozen by his own spiritual malaise, with his roommate, the campus radical who goes mad in the last reel, representing the inevitable result of purposeful action in an insane world. But the film is too incoherent to sustain such interpretations. The action sways sloppily between the ballplayer and the radical, straddling an unwieldy subplot concerning the ballplayer's romance with a bitchy, nymphomaniac faculty wife.

Nicholson manages a few nice touches. A scene of attempted rape late in the film conveys just the right feeling of psychotic tension. There is also a funny, if by now familiar, freak-out at the draft board and a shrewd performance by Bruce Dern as the basketball coach. Nicholson is not so fortunate with the other actors. Michael Margotta is scruffy and strident as the radical, William Tepper adenoidal in the role of the basketball player. Karen Black, playing the faculty wife, offers only a dreary variation on her basic *Five Easy Pieces* performance. It should be pointed out that the title of Nicholson's movie, and the Jeremy Larner novel before it, is derived from a fine short poem by Robert Creeley, which ends "drive, he sd, for/christ's sake, look/out where yr going." It is a pointed, challenging caution that Nicholson badly needs to heed.

■ J.C.



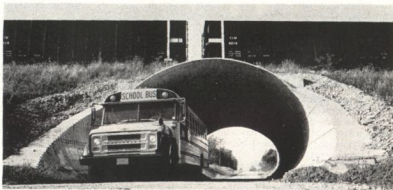
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MORDECAI RICHLER IN ENGLISH PUB

BOOKS

Dr. Johnson, Yes. Dr. Leary, No

ST. URBAIN'S HORSEMAN by Mordecai Richler. 467 pages. Knopf. \$7.95.

The hero of this splendidly mordant, funny novel is Jake Hersh, a ghetto-liberated Jew from Montreal who, at 37, revels in the expatriate life of London, earns considerable wealth and fame as a TV and film director, still loves his shiksa wife of ten years, but has a bothersome question: "Why am I being allowed to enjoy myself?"

Enjoy? How can he? Jake is a liberal. The higher his stock rises, the more guilt-edged it becomes. Like the author, a Canadian Jew now living in London, he belongs to the generation ("Young too late, old too soon") that grew up without ever getting a chance to go to the barricades, whether in Spain or Israel. Squeezed now in a moral vise between "the old and resentful have-everythings and the young know-nothings," Jake cultivates his own garden, "inflated with love but ultimately self-serving and cocooned by money." Swishing a brandy at his fashionable Hampstead house, he is riddled by an anxiety that retribution is approaching. He looks for it in imagined bodily diseases, in natural disasters, in persecution by "the injustice collectors."

It arrives in the form of his English accountant, Harry Stein, a spiteful little sex deviant and sometime blackmailer who cannot forgive his clients the indulgence that is reflected in the expense accounts he sweats over. Jake accepts Harry's envy as a judgment. When his entanglement with Harry lands him in the dock at the Old Bailey—wrongly accused of bizarre sexual offenses against a German *au pair* girl—he acquiesces in society's right to demand an accounting from him. To him, the trial is the rack on which his way of life is stretched out for examination.

Richler carries out the investigation with unflagging scatological zest and a deadly, unsparing eye. At the London film colony's weekly softball game, the players' first wives come to jeer, and the scores and strikeouts have more to do with careers and sex than with the game. On Montreal's St. Urbain Street, while sitting in mourning for Jake's father, friends and relatives pass around vulgarities and insults along with the cake. Canadian intellectuals are "reared to believe in the cultural thinness of their own blood. Anemia is their heritage." In gum-gray England, the upper classes are "unaggressively handsome, that is to say, somewhat wanting, like an underdeveloped photograph."

Jewish Batman. If anything, the book is too rich in such details, almost bursting its seams with worked-up mots and comic turns. But it is strung together in the end by the quasi-poetic image of Jake's mysterious cousin Joey, the horseman of the title. Joey is a movie stuntman, baseball player and soldier of fortune whose vaguely charted wanderings seem to take in all the barricades, from Madrid in 1938 to Jerusalem in 1967. Jake, convinced that Joey is now in Paraguay pursuing the infamous Dr. Mengele of Auschwitz, also sees him as a kind of Jewish Batman, a conscience, an avenger. Jake's real growth in the novel is an evolution from Joey's advocate to his acolyte, and finally to something like his surrogate.

Richler offers the secondary pleasure of watching a writer just as he is hitting full stride. Richler, who was born in Montreal, is one of Canadian culture's leading repentant truants. He has written five previous novels. Their themes range from sociopolitical consciousness (*The Acrobats*) through pungently realistic picaresques of Montreal Jewish life (*The Apprenticeship of Dudley Kravitz*) to outrageous expatriate satire (*Cocksure*). Finally, at 40, Richler

has brought all these strains together. The result is a resounding war cry, love song and apologia for the fundamentally decent man who can fumble through the depravity of the times and come out saying: "Dr. Johnson, yes. Dr. Leary, no."

■ Christopher Porterfield

Faultless to a Fault

A CRY OF ABSENCE by Madison Jones. 280 pages. Crown. \$5.95.

The Southern novel, like the Chekhovian play, has become almost ritualistic. Through nobody's fault, the tradition now comprises a pattern of characters, symbols and plots so fixed and familiar that only a genius or a black militant novelist can escape literary predestination. Madison Jones is neither, though he is a very good writer with all sorts of credentials from the Southern establishment, including a *Sewanee Review* fellowship in fiction and the unreserved recommendations of James Dickey ("profound"), Allen Tate ("the Thomas Hardy of the South") and Andrew Lytle ("as spare as Aeschylus; as rich as Euripides").

A Cry of Absence is a measured book—the judiciously sympathetic, judiciously horrified and ever so slightly absurd portrait of an old-code Southern woman lost in the '70s. Hester Glenn, 48, is a daughter of the town's First Family, accustomed to finding her opinions prevailing, like the order of nature. With her usual demanding expectations, Miss Hester married a dashing young man, whose chief qualification was his resemblance, on horseback, to her ideal of a Confederate officer. Off the horse, he turned out to be a cad. Miss Hester—as rigid as she was frigid—raised her two fatherless sons more or less as if Appomattox (and her marriage) had never happened.

The trouble—as all readers of Southern novels know—is that the times are changing. Northern industry, bringing Northern liberals, invades Hester's town. Black sons return from college, articulate with rage. Even the old Uncle Toms no longer shuffle the way they used to.

Worse, the Old Guard is changing too. When the Confederate monument across from the courthouse is vandalized, nobody except Hester appears in any hurry to restore it.

Minor Jockasta. After a black activist is lynched, the town, with an eye on that Northern industry, finally commits itself to a posture of creeping liberalism. In the community named for her family, Hester is left as alone as a carpetbagger.

Author Jones plays it both ways. Hester is clearly wrong. Her code has produced a monster of a younger son—a clean-cut all-American fanatic. Until she sees him for what he is, until she finds herself allied only to despised rednecks, Hester has been a bit of a monster herself—a moral as well as a social snob.

Yet, as her eyes open to the well-inten-

tioned disaster that is her life, Jones allows her the stature and tragic privileges of a minor Jocasta. She is not only more to be pitied but more to be admired than her old friends, whose embrace of social justice is tepid with opportunism. It is also made evident that the doctrinaire liberals from the North are as blindly rigid as she.

As Jones pulls down his traditional—amid murder and suicide—he strikes the mood usual to Southern novelists: a cover-all elegiac sadness. It is a bad time, he suggests, for all. His sociology, to judge by nonfiction accounts, is accurate. But what emerges is less a sense of history than a sense of style. The faultless hat is held over the faultless jacket over the faultless heart. All is stoic gallantry in a tradition that seems, at last, more correct than moving—a special kind of theater. And what is that exotic yet all too familiar sound in a reader's ear? Somewhere in the mythic South, where white pillars are carved with graffiti by Tennessee Williams, Margaret Leighton is warming up her Old Vic-Southern accent. Stand by, Hester.

■ Melvin Maddocks

Lady Lazarus

THE BELL JAR by Sylvia Plath. 296 pages. Harper & Row. \$6.95.

This book, which is just now scaling the bestseller lists, has actually been around for eight years. It was published in London, without causing much commercial stir, shortly before the author, a young American poet, killed herself. Bringing it out in the U.S.—after years of opposition from the author's mother—was either smart publishing or egregious good luck.

Sylvia Plath is already well known for her last poems, which are brilliant songs of self-destruction, the *ne plus ultra* of confessional verse. *The Bell Jar* is a marvelously self-conscious confessional novel dashed off before such documents were in vogue. Now, however, it is as if the likes of Joan Didion had merely been sweeping the stage for Sylvia's ghostly comeback. Like the Lady Lazarus of her poem, she is a virtuoso of death. As she wrote: "You could say I have a call."

She was 30 when she died, an exhausted, mad mother of two, estranged from her poet husband, Ted Hughes. A typically American-looking blonde, she was much admired in English critical circles; half of literary London blamed itself for her death. Yet *The Bell Jar*, like the late poems, makes that tragedy seem a pathetic inevitability.

Not that the novel is either lugubrious or totally morbid. It is by turns funny, harrowing, crude, ardent and artless. Its most notable quality is an astonishing immediacy, like a series of snapshots taken at high noon. The story, scarcely disguised autobiography, covers six months in a young



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SYLVIA PLATH IN 1951
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girl's life, beginning when she goes to New York to serve on a fashion magazine's college-editorial board. It ends when she emerges from a mental hospital after a breakdown.

Mad Logic. The first part is hilarious. Esther Greenwood, as the heroine is called, is an awkward rube of a girl with "fifteen years of straight A's" behind her but absolutely no experience of life—even as it was known to teen-agers in the '50s. She and her fellow "guest" editors are herded around the city "like a wedding party with nothing but bridesmaids." Upon discovering caviar, Esther consumes a pound or so at a magazine luncheon, paying her plate with chicken slices and smearing on the high-priced spread. But she knows that the whole enterprise is phony, that the girls are smug and dumb and, most important, that she is going against her own grain by participating at all. Before heading back to Massachusetts, she flings all her expensive, uncomfortable new clothes from the roof of her hotel.

At home it is psychic raiment that she lacks. She cannot sleep and will not wash. She longs to write a novel ("That would fix a lot of people"), but cannot write a paragraph. Her mother drives her crazy simply by living in the same house. With the awful logic of the mad, she considers and rejects any amelioration of her condition; she is under a "glass bell jar, stewing in my own sour air." Rescued from a suicide attempt, she starts the long process of mental repair in an asylum.

It is obvious why Sylvia Plath's mother is distressed by the novel. The author remembers every misguided attempt to guide her, every ploy to use her, every complacent piece of advice. Yet her bitterness is so remorseless that it finally becomes poignant, especially since she foresaw the final tragedy. After shock treatments restore Esther's equilibrium,

she wonders: "How did I know that someday, at college, in Europe somewhere, anywhere—the bell jar, with its stifling distortions, wouldn't descend again?"

■ *Martha Duffy*

Crosses Are to Bear

ROSE: A BIOGRAPHY OF ROSE FITZGERALD KENNEDY by Gail Cameron, 247 pages. Putnam, \$6.95.

Rose Kennedy has been underestimated. It was her husband, everyone assumed, who lent fire to the love of country and fierce pursuit of power that have characterized their children. Yet, as each succeeding tragedy has struck her family, Rose has steadily emerged as the strongest character of the Kennedy clan. That is fitting enough for the mother of a President and the only woman in U.S. history to send three sons to the Senate.

Surprisingly, this is the first full-scale biography of Mrs. Kennedy, who is 80. In searching for the source of Rose Kennedy's strength, Gail Cameron, a former LIFE reporter, was somewhat handicapped because the subject always remains aloof on grounds that she is preparing her own autobiography. Accordingly, the author sometimes has had to fall back on familiar anecdotes and cinematic clichés like "amazing," and "extraordinary." Still, she offers much previously unpublished material, and the book exposes as adulative blather most previous exploitations of the Kennedy women. The absorbing personage presented comes on as half perfect politician, half solitary saint.

John the Bold. The source of what is now known as the Kennedy determination to "work harder than anyone else" was, as nearly everyone knows, the garrulous mayor of Boston. John "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald prided himself on an ancestor named "Shawn a Boo" (John the Bold) and took as his slogan: "What I undertake, I do. What I want, I get." Honey Fitz proudly took Rose with him everywhere, and the girl never forgot that she was the mayor's daughter. She quoted her father so often that friends nicknamed her "Father says."

Dressed to the nines, Rose started making speeches as a teen-ager, often replacing her retiring mother as official hostess. Still, she managed to get all A's in high school and qualified for Wellesley at 15. Considering her too young for college, her father sent her instead to the Madams of the Sacred Heart. The experience transformed her from a dutiful Catholic into an intensely religious woman.

Like Honey Fitz, Rose appears to have got pretty much what she wanted. That included—against the mayor's better judgment—marriage to Joseph P. Kennedy, son of another Boston pol. As the youngest bank president in the U.S. (at 25), a multimillionaire by his 30s and ambassador to the Court of St. James's under Franklin Roosevelt,

Joe Kennedy gave Rose greater glory than her father ever had—and she knew it. The two were bound together by the same determination. As this book makes clear, though, Rose's self-confidence outdistanced her husband's.

How these two encouraged, goaded and championed their children to high achievement is history. Rose was no stricter with her young than she was with herself. The secrets of her success were morning mass, diligent diet, a two-mile walk daily, frequent catnaps and "movement and action" as antidotes to despair. "How you cope is the important thing, not the events themselves," she says. Splendor aplenty had always accompanied her father's dockside determination, and Rose's fondness for French couture, parties and travel is also important: she sees herself as a Christian, not a martyr.

Impenetrable Privacy. She, not Teddy, may be the family's best politician. Her campaign charm with the public at teas and lectures is nothing compared with her mastery of the press, to whom she reveals precisely what she chooses, and then drifts deftly off, preserving an impenetrable privacy. Even her children have called her "remote" and, indeed, she seems to have spent much of the last 30 years alone: walking alone, golfing alone, traveling alone. And praying. Thus she has endured the deaths by violence of four of her nine children, the near death, twice, of a fifth, and the mental retardation of still another. Endured? Triumphed would be more accurate, for it is questions of life, not death, that concern her. Her answers have been both spiritual and worldly: "God never sends us a cross heavier than we can bear," she says. And to Teddy: "You can never afford to let down in a non-election year."

■ *Ruth Galvin*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Passions of the Mind, Stone* (2 last week)
2. *QB VII*, Uris (1)
3. *The New Centurions*, Wambaugh (3)
4. *The Underground Man*, MacDonald (5)
5. *The Bell Jar*, Plath (6)
6. *The Throne of Saturn*, Drury (10)
7. *The Exorcist*, Blatty (4)
8. *The Antagonists*, Gann
9. *The Angle of Repose*, Stegner
10. *Being There*, Kosinski

NONFICTION

1. *The Sensitive Man*, "M" (2)
2. *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, Brown (1)
3. *The Greening of America*, Reich (3)
4. *Future Shock*, Toffler (4)
5. *Boss: Richard J. Daley of Chicago*, Royko (5)
6. *Stillwell and the American Experience in China, 1911-45*, Tuchman (7)
7. *The Female Eunuch*, Greer (6)
8. *The European Discovery of America: The Northern Voyages*, Morison (8)
9. *The Grantees*, Birmingham (10)
10. *Civilisation*, Clark



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"I never worried a bit. If Tony missed with the tranquilizer, I could always shoot him with the camera."

1 A bull elephant is 10 feet tall, weighs 8 tons, and charges at 25 miles an hour. It is the strongest, smartest, and perhaps most dangerous of all game. Yet it is in danger of extinction. As students of conservation, Tony Parkinson

and his wife Thelma wanted to study the movements of elephants. To do so requires immobilizing, or "darting." After checking with the East African Wildlife Society, they and a veterinarian set out on their biological safari.



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2 "For two days we looked all over Voi for elephants," says Thelma. "Finally we spotted some coming out of Tsavo National Park heading into the sisal plants for food. Circling downwind, Tony fired the dart at a lone bull just as the bull began to charge. We dove into the Land Cruiser, leaving him in our dust, then waited until the M99 tranquilizer put him to sleep."



3 "Quickly I helped Tony, the veterinarian, and Sgt. Munyoki, of the Kenya Game Department as they took blood samples, marked the ear, and inserted a recording gauge. All that was left was to inject the antidote and get out fast.

4 "It sure sounded good when we told our friends at the Voi Safari Lodge about it over a bottle of Canadian Club." Canadian Club. Smooth as the wind. Mellow as sunshine. Friendly as laughter. Canadian Club is the whisky that's light enough for women, yet bold enough for men. The whisky that's "The Best In The House" in 87 lands.



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